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WHITTIER.

If God reach down, whom should he take but thee?
Poet of Justice, Freedom's bard and friend,
Go thou up high. To Freedom's self ascend,
Where throng the just in holy liberty.
Poet of Prayers, singer of Piety,
Fly thou where holy precincts have no end,
Where praise resounds, and thankfulness doth send
Psalms up for aye and aye. Love calleth thee
Her poet, and Man's, and God's. Now go thy way
To courts where perfect love is perfect light,
And tenderness pervades with precious ray,
Nor needeth beam of sun, nor knoweth night.
First to his own comes God, with them to stay,
And then to God his own up-taketh flight.

JAMES VILA BLAKE.

THE THREEFOLD LOSS OF AMERICAN LETTERS.

Death has been busy during the past fortnight, and among his victims are three of those whose names are the most honored in American letters: John Greenleaf Whittier, lyrist of freedom and interpreter of New England's inmost spirit; Thomas William Parsons, bearer of the message of Italy and of art; George William Curtis, satirist whose hand was none the less heavy for being gloved, and steadfast upholder of the civic ideals that have made our nation great. Rarely has so heavy a loss been sustained by us, or so genuine an expression of sorrow been evoked.

Of the three men who have just been taken from us, John Greenleaf Whittier doubtless filled the largest place, and had the strongest hold upon the affections of his countrymen. He was one of the group of half a dozen poets whom most of us have grown up to regard as constituting a class by themselves, to think of as the giants of our young literature. Emerson and Bryant, Longfellow and Lowell, have gone; Whittier has now joined their company, and Holmes alone remains. Those whom we have been wont to look upon as our younger poets have really, by the insensible operation of time, already become our older ones, and still another generation crowds upon their heels. But it is doubtful if any other group of writers will ever occupy quite so high a place in popular esteem as is occupied by the group of which Holmes is now the sole living representative. Their work was done at a time when the nation seemed to have for poetry a craving that it no longer possesses, and when the influence of poetry was heightened by an exaltation of the national spirit born of the stress of

growth and culminating in a great political crisis. Of the group of poets with which he will ever be associated, Whittier surely was, if not quite the truest of artists, the best-beloved of men. With the sacred cause of human freedom his name, like those of his fellow singers, is indissolubly linked, and more closely than any other with the life of New England. For his life was so shaped that he never lost touch with the New England spirit, and the landscape, the legend, and the pastoral life of that region found in him an interpreter of the most intimate knowledge and unfailing sympathy. "Snow Bound" is the poem *par excellence* of New England, and the familiar judgment that assigns to it a place in our literature similar to that occupied in English literature by "The Deserted Village" is as just as it is trite. But this is by no means the only likeness that claims the attention. Whittier's ballads make of him the New England Burns as truly as do his idyls the New England Goldsmith. And he may surely be called the New England Herbert whose simple faith found adequate and perfect expression in the lines:

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

In such lines as these (and they are not as infrequent in Whittier's work as many suppose), he attains the faultless and absolute simplicity of style that we recognize as the highest art, and that makes us prefer Lord Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," for example, to many a subtler and more complex piece of workmanship. But still other suggestions of other poets recall to us the fact that Whittier's was not altogether the narrow range commonly recognized. "The Cities of the Plain" is Byronic, if a little imitative, and the poems inspired by the Italian struggle for freedom have an almost Swinburnian fire in their passionate denunciation of priestly and kingly tyranny. In "The Voices" and "The Chapel of the Hermits" there is at least a suggestion of so modern a poet as Arnold, and "Ichabod" is a more impressive lament over a "lost leader" than the one left us by Browning. Many other suggestions of this sort may be found if one will search a little for them, and Whittier's sincerity was such that he will hardly be charged with being merely imitative.

And yet,—for we cannot quite disengage from their works the personality of our American singers,—it is the man no less than the poet who has so long had tribute of our affection and now has tribute of our tears. How earnestly and with what effect he threw himself into the struggle against slavery, is a matter of familiar history. And afterward, when the struggle was over, and the great work done, he wrote these memorable words: "I am not insensible to literary reputation: I love, perhaps too well, the praise and good-will of my fellow-men; but I set a higher value on my name

as appended to the Anti-Slavery Declaration of 1833 than on the title-page of any book."

"It is indeed
Forever well our singers should
Utter good words and know them good
Not through song only; with close heed
Lest, having spent for the work's sake
Six days, the man be left to make."

Full of days and honors, the poet of New England has left a world made richer by his life. Fortune has dealt gently with him; how kind she has been was beautifully expressed by a writer in THE DIAL nearly four years ago, from whose article we reproduce the following passage: "To be, if not the acknowledged leader, at least the chief inspirer of one of the most unselfish of historic movements; to wed no bride but Freedom, and to bend her mighty bow to such flame-tipped shafts of song as other poets dedicate to some half-ideal Laura or Beatrice; to be like his Master despised and rejected of men, and in his spirit to rebuke the hypocrites and Pharisees of his time; to find all men as stocks and stones, and to realize the fable of Orpheus by drawing them all after him through the might of song; then, his Utopia no longer a dream, to live many years of peaceful activity and growth amid the benedictions of emancipated millions;—such has been the happy lot of our heroic singer."

Thomas William Parsons was one of those poets who, like Landor, appeal to but a limited audience; who find their reward in the steadfast affection of the few rather than in the applause of the many. Judged by the world's crude test of popularity, his place in our literature is insignificant; measured by the exacting standards of art, few of our poets have so high a place as his. His work exhibits a fine spiritual endowment, and a mind responsive to the subtlest appeals of nature or of art. It will bear very close examination; indeed, its excellence fully appears only upon close examination. A certain old-fashioned manner in the work constantly reminds us that its author is one of our elder poets (he was born in the same year as Lowell). Italy afforded him his best inspiration, and it is as the translator of Dante that he is most widely known. His poem "On a Bust of Dante" is one of the finest things of the sort in our language. How well he could work in a lighter vein, when he chose, is best illustrated by the lyric in praise of "Saint Peray." His translation of the "Cinque Maggio" poem of Manzoni was an achievement as successful as it was difficult. As for his translation of Dante into rhymed quatrains, it is certainly the equal of any other; many regard it as the best ever made. It is, unfortunately, incomplete, and what there is of it was given to the world in so furtive a way that many are unaware of its existence. The "Inferno," published in 1867, and the "Antepurgatorio," published in 1875, are both very rare volumes. A few more cantos of the "Purgatorio" may be found in the files of the

"Catholic World." These translations and a thin volume of "Poems" (1854), are the author's chief claim to remembrance,—and yet no light one, for the quality of the work is exquisite, and it is quality that tells in the long run.

George William Curtis has left little or nothing of permanent literary value, and yet few of the men of letters of our time have exerted so wide an influence or occupied so marked a position. He belongs to the class of writers of whom Voltaire is the most illustrious example: men who do a very effective sort of literary work, but do not embody it in any shape likely to be enduring. They have their compensation in the consciousness of good work done, and in the wielding of an influence that they can at once measure and enjoy; but they know that for the future they will be only a memory. The gentle satirist of the "Easy Chair," the earnest editor of "Harper's Weekly," and the eloquent public speaker, now laid to rest, was a potent factor in the forces that made for whatever sweetness and light our civilization has attained to; all that he touched he adorned, and he dignified both the literary calling and the walks of public life. In the forefront of the anti-slavery agitation, of the movement for civil service reform, of the protest against the political attitude that forgets honor for the sake of partisanship, he followed his high civic ideals, regardless, on the one hand, of the "practical" man's contempt for so visionary a course, and, on the other, of the imputation of unworthy motives by the base. No "liegeman of the crowd," he well knew

"What all experience serves to show,
No mud can soil us but the mud we throw,"

and he, if any man, might proudly echo Lowell's boast:

"I loved my country so as only they
Who love a mother fit to die for may;
I loved her old renown, her stainless fame,—
What better proof than that I loathed her shame?"

BIOGRAPHY AND BIBLIOGRAPHY.

John Greenleaf Whittier was born December 17, 1807, near the city of Haverhill, Massachusetts. His early years were spent mainly on his father's farm, and he had a good common school education. His first published poem was printed in the Newburyport "Free Press," William Lloyd Garrison's paper, in 1826. The winter of 1828-9 he spent in Boston, and edited a trade journal. He edited several other unimportant papers during the few years following. His first volume, "Legends of New England," (in prose and verse) was published in 1831. In 1833, he took part in the organization of the American Anti-Slavery Society at Philadelphia, and from that time onward devoted himself to the cause of freedom. In 1835 and 1836 he represented Haverhill in the State Legislature. In 1840 he removed to Amesbury, where he spent the remainder of his life. He never married, but lived with his sister Elizabeth until her death in 1864. The titles of his more important volumes, with their dates, are as follows: "The Voices of Freedom" (1849), "Songs of Labor and Other Poems"

(1850), "The Chapel of the Hermits" (1853), "The Panorama and Other Poems" (1856), "Home Ballads and Other Poems" (1860), "In War Time and Other Poems" (1863), "Snow Bound" (1866), "The Tent on the Beach and Other Poems" (1867), "Among the Hills and Other Poems" (1868), "Miriam and Other Poems" (1870), "The Pennsylvania Pilgrim and Other Poems" (1872), "Hazel Blossoms" (1875), "The Vision of Echard and other Poems" (1878), and "The King's Missive and Other Poems" (1881). His complete works, in a definitive edition, were published in 1888. Mr. Samuel T. Pickard, of Portland, Maine, is appointed his literary executor.

Thomas William Parsons was born in Boston, August 18, 1819. He was educated in the public schools, and, after graduation, made a visit to Italy. This gave a clearly defined direction to his tastes, and the first cantos of his translation of the "Inferno" were published as early as 1843. In 1847 he went to Europe a second time. Harvard gave him the degree of M.D. in 1853. His "Poems" appeared in 1854, and his complete "Inferno" in 1867. In 1872 he published "The Shadow of the Obelisk and Other Poems." He lived in England for a number of years, returning to his native city in 1872. He has since then lived in Boston, often spending his summers at Scituate, where he died on the third of September.

George William Curtis was born February 24, 1824, in Providence, R. I. He was educated at private schools, but left at the age of fifteen to go into business. After a year of this he broke away and joined the Brook Farm community, remaining there from 1840 to 1844. The next two years were spent in Concord, and the four years following (1846-50) in Europe. On his return he wrote for the New York newspapers and for "Harper's Monthly." At this time he became editor of "Putnam's New Monthly Magazine," and the failure of that publication left him with an indebtedness which it took him years of hard work to wipe out. During these years, besides writing for the Harper publications, he gave many lectures, devoting himself more and more to the subject of slavery. He married in 1856. In 1860 he was a delegate to the Chicago Republican Convention. In 1871 he was appointed by Grant chairman of the first Civil Service Commission, and in 1881 he organized the National Civil Service Reform League. In 1884 he led the Independent movement which resulted in the election of Mr. Cleveland to the Presidency. For nearly forty years he wrote the "Easy Chair" papers, and for nearly thirty acted as political editor of "Harper's Weekly." His principal books were these: "Nile Notes" (1851), "The Howadji in Syria" (1852), "The Potiphar Papers" (1853), "Prue and I" (1856), "Trumps" (1861). In 1889 he edited the letters of John Lothrop Motley.

WHITTIER AND SLAVERY.

By the death of Whittier there has passed away not only the last of the great American poets that took the anti-slavery side in the great contest of our century, but also the distinctively anti-slavery poet. Longfellow spoke out clearly in 1842; but he was not of the warrior breed: his "tender and impassioned voice" suited better other themes. As Christ's discourses hurl no thunders at particular sins, but elevate the soul above

the plane of evil, it was Longfellow's gift to soften the hearts of our people with poems of pathos and beauty. Lowell was of too broad culture and was too much of an artist to be drawn at once into line and column with those Ironsides of Abolition who drew swords and smote enemies irefully in the name of God. To his hand came the flashing sword of humor, wit, satire, ridicule,—the power to show wrong as an absurdity, and to heap shame upon it in the face of Reason. Yet he gave us also some of the grandest and most awful lines that were evoked in those days of shame. Is there anything grander than these lines in "The Present Crisis?"

"Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record

One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and
THE WORD:

Truth forever on the scaffold; Wrong forever on the
throne:—

Yet that scaffold sways the future; and, behind the dim
unknown,

Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his
own."

Does one think this was written in the days of John Brown? No; it was fourteen years earlier, in the early part of the Mexican War, December, 1845.

Whittier, born in the same year as Longfellow (1807), was twelve years older than Lowell, and dates his anti-slavery poems from 1833, twelve years earlier than Lowell's "Present Crisis." From that time onward he was our Tyrtæus. Whittier's poems (is it from his lack of college training and of the wider culture of other languages and great reading?) are much more lyrical than those of Longfellow and Lowell, and hence better fitted to make an impression upon the minds and hearts of common people. Non-resistant Quaker as he was, he might have written "A Battle Hymn of the Republic." What is this, in 1848, but beat of drum and trumpet of battle?

"Sound for the onset! Blast on blast!
Till slavery's minions cower and quail;
One charge of fire shall drive them fast
Before our Northern gale!"

Whittier was for a while editor of the "Pennsylvania Freeman," published in Philadelphia, where, a short time before his residence in it, a hall devoted to free-speech and anti-slavery meetings had been burned by a mob. I saw a broad-sheet of advertisements of Philadelphia merchants with a cut at the head of it representing this burning of the hall,—so issued to attract Southern and Western customers. In such a city Whittier was like Paul at Athens when he looked upon the idolatry: "His spirit was stirred in him." He rose to the occasion and grew stronger in his advocacy of freedom. His greatest anti-slavery poems were written in the sixteen years 1833 to 1848, which he has collected under the title "Voices of Freedom." They were called forth by current events, and were noticed even by those who detested Abolitionists. George D. Prentice, of the "Louisville Journal," said of his "Lines" on the Pinckney Gag, that they were equal to the best passages of Campbell, who was then at the height of his reputation. Prentice specified the six stanzas the first of which begins

"Shall our New England stand erect no longer?"

To understand these poems one needs now a history of the conflict right at hand, or some guide to their meaning; for the events are not in the memory of the present generation. Here is "The Branded Hand," of 1846.

The story is not told in the poem. A Northern sea captain named Walker was caught in helping slaves to escape, and in Florida or Georgia was branded in his right hand with the letters SS, which the poet interprets as "Salvation to the Slave!"

But though Whittier brought together a series of "Voices of Freedom," his other poems are full of the same spirit. He was, to parody Schleiermacher's saying of Spinoza, a freedom-intoxicated man. If he writes of Pius IX., or Silas Wright, or Barclay of Ury, or the reformers of England, his topic still is—Freedom!

Before closing this article, let me call attention to one other power of our poet. One wonders at Milton's handling of proper names, so that his catalogues of names of places roll off grandly and smoothly. Whittier uses our Indian names with like facility: Umbagog and Winnepesaukee run smooth as Vallombrosa. In "The Lambermen," for instance, in ten successive lines he brings in lyrically Ambigejis, Millnoket, Penobscot, and Katahdin.

SAMUEL WILLARD.

POETS' TRIBUTES TO A POET.

It has already been said that Whittier was fortunate in his friendships. An always conspicuous member of the group of authors that has been the chief glory of the century in America, he was loved and appreciated by his fellow-singers, most of whom have left enduring tributes to his worth as poet and as man. Some of these tributes are of singular beauty, and all are just now of especial interest.

Lowell, in his "Fable for Critics" (published in 1848), devotes a characteristic passage to Whittier, then less than forty years old, and already known as "a fighter" among poets—one who desired justice more than peace, and, in his sinful day, also "came not to bring peace, but a sword." We quote Lowell's humorous but earnest lines:

"There is Whittier, whose swelling and vehement heart
Strains the strait-breasted drab of the Quaker apart.
And reveals the live Man, still supreme and erect,
Underneath the bummymyng wrappers of sect.
There was ne'er a man born who had more of the swing
Of the true lyric bard, and all that kind of thing.
Let his mind once get head in his favorite direction,
And the torrent of verse bursts the dams of reflection;
While, borne with the rush of the metre along,
The poet may chance to go right or go wrong,
Content with the whirl and delirium of song.
Our Quaker leads off metaphorical flights
For reform and whatever they call human rights,
Both singing and striking in front of the war,
And hitting his foes with the mallet of Thor:
Anne hanc, one exclaims on beholding his knocks,
Vestis filii tui, O leather-clad Fox?
Can that be thy son, in the battle's mid din,
Preaching brotherly love, and then driving it in
To the brain of the tough old Goliath of sin
With the smoothest of pebbles from Castaly's spring,
Impressed on his hard moral sense with a sting?
All honor and praise to the right-hearted bard
Who was true to The Voice when such service was hard;
Who himself was so free he dared sing for the slave
When to look but a protest in silence was brave;
All honor and praise to the women and men
Who spoke out for the dumb and the down-trodden then!"

Bayard Taylor wrote a capital poem ("A Friend's Greeting") for Whittier's seventieth birthday, in which is traced a fancied transmigration of the poet's soul,

from the priest upon Aryan hills to the New England bard. We quote this piece entire:

"Snow-bound for earth, but summer-souled for thee,

Thy natal morning shines:
Hail, friend and poet! Give thy hand to me,
And let me read its lines!

"For skilled in fancy's palmyristry am I,
When years have set their crown;
When life gives light to read its secrets by,
And deed explains renown.

"So, looking backward from thy seventieth year,
On service grand and free,
The pictures of thy spirit's past are clear,
And each interprets thee.

"I see thee, first, on hills our Aryan sires
In time's lost morning knew,
Kindling as priest the lonely altar-fires
That from earth's darkness grew.

"Then wise with secrets of Chaldean lore,
In high Akkadian fane;
Or pacing slow by Egypt's river shore,
In Thothmes' glorious reign.

"I hear thee, wroth with all iniquities
That Judah's kings betrayed,
Preach from Ain-Jidi's rock thy God's decrees,
Or Mamre's terebinth shade.

"And, ah! most piteous vision of the past,
Drawn by thy being's law,
I see thee, martyr, in the arena cast,
Beneath the lion's paw.

"Yet, afterwards, how rang thy sword upon
The paynim helm and shield!
How shone with Godfrey, and at Askalon,
Thy white plume o'er the field.

"Strange contradiction! where the sand waves spread
The boundless desert sea,
The Bedouin spearmen found their destined head—
Their dark-eyed chief—in thee.

"And thou wert friar in Cluny's sacred cell,
And skald by Norway's foam,
Ere fate of poet fixed thy soul to dwell
In this New England home.

"Here art thou poet,—more than warrior, priest;
And here thy quiet years
Yield more to us than sacrifice or feast,
Or clash of swords or spears.

"The faith that lifts, the courage that sustains,
These thou wert sent to teach:
Hot blood of battle, beating in thy veins,
Is turned to gentle speech.

"Not less, but more, than others hast thou striven;
Thy victories remain:
The scars of ancient hate, long since forgiven,
Have lost their power to pain.

"Apostle pure of freedom and of right,
Thou hadst thy one reward;
Thy prayers were heard, and flashed upon thy sight
The coming of the Lord!

"Now, sheathed in myrtle of thy tender songs,
Slumbers the blade of truth;
But age's wisdom, crowning thee, prolongs
The eager hope of youth.

"Another line upon thy hand I trace,
All destinies above:
Men know thee most as one that loves his race,
And bless thee with their love!"

The reverent affection of the "younger poets" for Whittier is well expressed by E. C. Stedman in "Ad Vatem." Its closing lines are all we can give:

"From thee,
Whittier, the younger singers,—whom thou seest
Each emulous to be thy staff this day,—
What learned they? righteous anger, burning scorn
Of the oppressor, love to humankind,
Sweet fealty to country and to home,
Peace, stainless purity, high thoughts of heaven,
And the clear, natural music of thy song."

Holmes's affectionate tribute "For Whittier's Seventieth Birthday" yields these melodious lines:

"And the wood-thrush of Essex,—you know whom I mean,
Whose song echoes round us while he sits unseen,
Whose heart-throbs of verse through our memories thrill
Like a breath from the wood, like a breeze from the hill,
So fervid, so simple, so loving, so pure,
We hear but one strain and our verdict is sure,—
Thee cannot elude us,—no further we search,—
'Tis Holy George Herbert cut loose from his church!"

Three noble sonnets to Whittier must finish this collection. The first ("The Three Silences of Molinos") is by Longfellow:

"Three Silences there are: the first of speech,
The second of desire, the third of thought;
This is the lore a Spanish monk, distraught
With dreams and visions, was the first to teach.
These Silences, commingling each with each,
Made up the perfect Silence, that he sought
And prayed for, and wherein at times he caught
Mysterious sounds from realms beyond our reach.
O thou whose daily life anticipates
The life to come, and in whose thought and word
The spiritual world preponderates,
Hermit of Amesbury! thou too hast heard
Voices and melodies from beyond the gates,
And speakest only when thy soul is stirred!"

The second sonnet is from the Southern poet and former political opponent of Whittier, Paul H. Hayne:

"Cloud, wind, and sleet! the hills look darkly bare;
But yonder on a dim denuded height
One lonely pine uplifts his foliaged night,
Waving green glories o'er the earth's despair.
Type of thy poet soul, he greets us there;
Aged in sooth, and yet his crown is bright;
Girdled by winter, yet beyond its blight;
Still of his own pure grandeur unaware.
Type of thy soul is he—thy poet soul;
His spell transforms the storm winds into song,
That, charm'd in sweeping rhythmic branch and bole,
Lapse to the long, low music of the sea;
While birds, like wing'd Hopes, furl'd from wintry wrong,
Dream of spring heavens in that deep-hearted tree!"

The third sonnet is Lowell's, written "To Whittier on his Seventy-fifth Birthday":

"New England's poet, rich in love as years,
Her hills and valleys praise thee, her swift brooks
Dance in thy verse; to her grave sylvan nooks
Thy steps allure us, which the wood-thrush hears
As maids their lovers', and no treason fears;
Through thee her Merrimaes and Agiochooks
And many a name uncouth win gracious looks,
Sweetly familiar to both Englands' ears:
Peaceful by birthright as a virgin lake,
The lily's anchorage, which no eyes behold
Save those of stars, yet for thy brother's sake
That lay in bonds, thou blewst a blast as bold
As that wherewith the heart of Roland brake,
Far heard across the New World and the Old."

Happy the poet who receives such tributes from his fellows! Happy the land that has produced such poets!

THE NEW BOOKS.

FRANCE UNDER LOUIS PHILIPPE AND
NAPOLEON III.*

It is a considerable privilege to share in the memories of a man who has known more or less intimately Balzac, Dumas *pere*, De Musset, Sue, Delacroix, Vernet, Rachel, Guizot, Lamartine, Louis Philippe and his family, Louis Napoleon and his *entourage*,—in short, about every one notable in French literature, art, politics, and society, between 1830 and 1870;—who had access to the gaities of the Tuilleries and of Compiègne, and who was an eye-witness to the stirring events in the Paris of '48, of the German war, and of the Commune. While unbosoming himself freely of his recollections and opinions, the author of this eminently spicy book, for reasons best known to himself, chooses to remain incognito; though it is sufficiently evident that he is what his own countrymen would reverently term "a person of quality." Certainly his book is not of the vapid brand one usually gets from that sacred source. The two volumes,—the one covering the reign of Louis Philippe, the other The Empire,—are well packed with anecdote and description, and the thousand-and-one engaging things and nothings that form the mental equipment of a cultivated man of the world; and we shall here lay criticism aside and content ourselves with the rôle of "Jack Horner,"—pulling out as many of our diarist's plums as possible for the reader's behoof. It should be added, as further characterizing the book in hand, that the author's Catholic tastes in the matter of society made the atmosphere of the Quartier-Latin no less familiar and congenial to him than that of the Faubourg St. Germain; much of his matter being drawn from the less aristocratic source.

Three names that recur pretty frequently among the literary notes are De Musset, Balzac, and Dumas,—men who, unlike Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Chateaubriand, and Sue, "did not deem it necessary to stand aloof from ordinary mortals." De Musset, says our writer,—

"Improved upon better acquaintance. He was apt to strike one at first sight as distant and supercilious. He was neither the one nor the other, simply very reserved, and at the best of times very sad, not to say melancholy. . . . With his tall, slim figure, auburn wavy hair and beard, blue eyes, and finely-shaped nose and mouth, De Musset gave one the impression of a dandy

* AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS (Notes and Recollections). In two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

cavalry officer in mufti, rather than of a poet: the 'Miss Byron' which Prévost the sculptor applied to him was, perhaps, not altogether undeserved, if judged intellectually and physically at first sight."

There are several good stories touching the chronic impecuniosity of Balzac and Dumas, who were not, however, gamblers, and had not the terrible fits of idleness and drinking which left poor De Musset stranded at regular intervals. On the improvident head of Dumas it literally rained "writs and summonses"; while we find Balzac, when he was thirty-two years old and already the well-paid author of several masterpieces, writing to his mother, "Several bills are due, and, if I cannot find the money for them, I will have them protested and let the law take its course." "How does Balzac spend his money?" our writer once asked Méry, the poet and novelist, who had recently met the author of the Human Comedy strolling up and down before the Café de Paris between midnight and sunrise—an hour chosen because, as Balzac said, "I am being tracked by the officers, and obliged to hide myself during the day":

"'In sops to his imagination,' was the answer,—'in balloons to the land of dreams, which balloons he constructs with his hard-won earnings and inflates with the essence of his visions, but which nevertheless will not rise three feet from the earth. Balzac is firmly convinced that every one of his characters has had its counterpart in real life, notably the characters that have risen from humble beginnings to great wealth; and he thinks that, having worked out the secret of their success on paper, he can put it in practise.'"

As for Dumas *pere*, he would, it seems, have squandered the combined fortunes of the Rothschilds—and have then been in debt. He had no notion of the value of money. About a year after our author made his acquaintance, he called upon him at Saint-Germain, and found him in bed, dictating. His son had just left him, and, on seeing his visitor, the proud father exclaimed rapturously,—

"'C'est un cœur d'or, cet Alexandre!' Seeing that I did not ask what elicited this praise, he began telling me. 'This morning I received six hundred and fifty francs. Just now Alexandre was going up to Paris, and he says, "I'll take fifty francs." I did not pay attention, or must have misunderstood; at any rate I replied, "Don't take as much as that; leave me a hundred francs." "What do you mean, father?" he asked; "I am telling you that I am going to take fifty francs." "I beg your pardon," I said, "I understood you were going to take six hundred."' He would have considered it the most natural thing in the world for his son to take six hundred and leave him fifty."

Dumas the younger told a characteristic story of his father, which will bear repeating, if only for the sake of the moral it conveys.

He was present with a few friends at the first rehearsal of "The Three Musketeers" at the Ambigu Comique. It was not a dress rehearsal proper, and the scenery consisted only of a cloth and some wings. Behind one of the latter they had noticed, during the first six tableaux, the shining helmet of a fireman who was listening very attentively. The author had noticed him too.

"About the middle of the seventh tableau the helmet suddenly vanished, and the father remarked upon it to his son. When the act was finished Dumas went in search of the pompier, who did not know him. 'What made you go away?' he asked him. 'Because it did not amuse me half as much as the others,' was the answer. 'That was enough for my father,' said the younger Dumas. 'There and then he went to Béreand's room, took off his coat, waistcoat, and braces, unfastened the collar of his shirt—it was the only way he could work—and sent for the prompt copy of the seventh tableau, which he tore up and flung into the fire, to the consternation of Béreand. 'What are you doing?' he exclaimed. 'You see what I am doing; I am destroying the seventh tableau. It does not amuse the pompier. I know what it wants.'"

The author of "The Mysteries of Paris" forms the least agreeable part of the author's literary recollections, and he cannot enough insist upon what he terms "the inveterate snobbishness of the man"—a quality which really procured his expulsion from the Jockey Club. He was always posing, not as a writer,—for, like Walpole, he was half ashamed of the title,—but as a man of the world who knew nothing about literature but who dabbled in it in a magnificent amateurish way because his wish to benefit humanity had been greater than his repugnance to enter the lists with such men as Balzac and Dumas.

"After his dinner at the Café de Paris, he would grandly stand on the steps smoking a cigar and listening to the conversation with an air of superiority without attempting to take part in it. His mind was supposed to be far away, devising schemes for the social and moral improvement of his fellow creatures."

His dandyism was offensive mainly because it did not sit naturally upon him; as a member of the Jockey Club observed, "*M. Sue est toujours trop habillé, trop carossé, et surtout trop éperonné.*"

Of "The Mysteries of Paris," George Sand said, while the tale was publishing, "It is very amusing, but there are too many animals. I hope we shall soon get out of this menagerie." Nevertheless she admitted that she would not miss an instalment for ever so much,—a feeling abundantly shared by the public, for the *furor* it created among all classes was im-

mense. It was impossible to get a copy of the *Débats*, in which the story appeared in serial form, unless one subscribed for it; and as for the reading rooms, where the paper was kept, the proprietors frankly laughed in your face if you asked for it after you had paid your two sous admission.

"Monsieur is joking. We have got five copies, and we let them out for ten sous each for half an hour: that's the time it takes to read M. Sue's story. We have one copy here, and if Monsieur likes to take his turn he may do so, though he will probably have to wait for three or four hours."

The mention of George Sand recalls a story told the author by De Musset, of an attempt made by that nymph to "net" the painter, Eugene Delacroix. It appears that Mme. Sand detected, or fancied she detected, on the part of the painter, signs of submission to her all-conquering charms; and, desiring to precipitate matters, she one morning entered the studio where the supposed victim was at work. She immediately plunged in *medias res*:

"'My poor Eugene! I am afraid I have got sad news for you.' 'Oh, indeed,' said Delacroix, without interrupting his work, and just giving her one of his cordial smiles in guise of welcome. 'Yes, my dear friend, I have carefully consulted my own heart, and the upshot is, I am grieved to tell you, that I feel I cannot and could never love you.' Delacroix kept on painting. 'Is that a fact?' he said. 'Yes, and I ask you once more to pardon me, and to credit me for my candor—my poor Delacroix.' Delacroix did not budge from his easel. 'You are angry with me, are you not? You will never forgive me?' 'Certainly I will. Only I want you to keep quiet for ten minutes; I have got a bit of sky there which has caused me a good deal of trouble, it is just coming right. Go and sit down, or else take a little walk, and come back in ten minutes.' Of course George Sand did not return."

Louis Philippe, the "Citizen-King," the author thinks, was by no means the ardent admirer of the *bourgeoisie* that he professed to be. He had no illusions as to their intellectual worth; and the virtual ostracism of himself and his family by the old noblesse rankled in his mind, and deepened his resentment against the shop-keeping caste to whose offensive patronage he charged it. The King's real attitude toward the *bourgeoisie* is illustrated by an extract from an unpublished skit of the time, in which the "Citizen-Monarch" is represented as giving the heir-apparent a lesson in the art of governing.

"'Do not be misled,' he says, 'by a parcel of theorists, who will tell you that the citizen-monarchy is based upon the sovereign will of the people, or upon the strict observance of the charter; this is merely so much drivel from the political Rights or Lefts. . . The citizen-

monarchy and the art of governing consist of but one thing—the capacity of the principal ruler for shaking hands with any and every ragamuffin and out-of-elbows brute he meets. . . . 'How would it do, dad,' asks the ambitious pupil, 'if, in addition to shaking hands with them, one inquired after their health, in the second person singular—*Comment vas tu, mon vieux cochon*? or, better still, *Comment vas tu, mon vieux citoyen*? 'It would do admirably,' says papa, 'but it does not matter whether you say *cochon* or *citoyen*; the terms are synonymous.'"

Louis Philippe—with a civil list of 750,000 pounds—was always haunted by a dread of poverty. The recollection of his early misery uprose before him like a nightmare, and he one day said to Guizot, after plaintively running over a long list of domestic charges, "My dear minister, I am telling you that my children will be wanting for bread." Apropos of Louis's early poverty, the author says:

"I recollect that during my stay at Tréport and Eu, in 1843, when Queen Victoria paid her visit to Louis Philippe, the following story was told me. Lord ——— and I were quartered in a little hostelry on the Place du Château. One morning Lord ——— came home laughing till he could laugh no longer. 'What do you think the King has done now?' he asked. I professed my inability to guess. 'About an hour ago, he and Queen Victoria were walking in the garden, when, with true French politeness, he offered her a peach. The Queen seemed rather embarrassed how to skin it, when Louis Philippe took a large clasp-knife from his pocket. 'When a man has been a poor devil like myself, obliged to live upon forty sous a day, he always carries a knife. I might have dispensed with it for the last few years; still, I do not wish to lose the habit—one does not know what may happen,' he said. Of course the tears stood in the Queen's eyes."

Personally, Louis had many estimable qualities—more, certainly, than most of his predecessors could boast of. He was an amiable man, the kindest of husbands and fathers, and one of the most economical of monarchs,—a trait which betrayed him into the political sin of overlooking the craving of the Parisians, a race clamorous, like the Romans, for the *panem et circences*, for court pomp and display. He was a witty man, and some of his *mots* have become historical. When the news of Talleyrand's death was brought to him, he asked,—

"'But, are you sure he is dead?' 'Very sure, sire,' was the reply; 'did not your majesty notice yesterday that he was dying?' 'I did, but there is no judging from appearances with Talleyrand, and I have been asking myself for the last four and twenty hours what interest he could possibly have in departing at this particular moment.'"

The author, as a young man, saw Louis several times at reviews and on popular holidays, and was always surprised that a king of whom ev-

eryone spoke so well in private, and whose domestic relations were so exceptionally pleasant, should look so careworn and depressed in public. He was, as he says, then too young to grasp the irony of the king's reply to a relative, a few months before his accession to the throne:

"The crown of France is too cold in winter, too warm in summer; the sceptre is too blunt as a weapon of defense or attack, it is too short as a stick to lean upon; a good felt hat and a strong umbrella are at all times more useful."

Louis Philippe used to say of Guizot, "He is so terribly respectable; I am afraid there is a mistake either about his nationality or his respectability, for they are badly matched,"—and this caustic sentence reflected pretty well the opinion of the majority of Frenchmen as to the eminent statesman. They regarded him as a rigid Puritan in private life, a sort of ambulant copy-book moral, who never unbent, and whose slightest actions were meant by him as a lesson to the rest of mankind. With true French cynicism, the Parisians even resented his kindly habit of taking his mother for a stroll in the Park of St. Cloud on Sundays—a filial attention which they maintained to be an exhibition. Guizot regretted this erroneous conception the world formed of his character,—which was really two-fold, the Guizot of public life, the imperious, combative orator of the Chamber, being sufficiently unlike the home-keeping Guizot, the tender and devoted son, the charming companion who captivated everyone with whom he came in contact.

"'But what can I do?' he asked. 'In reality, I haven't the courage to be unpopular any more than other people; but neither have I the courage to prance about in my own drawing-room as if I were on wires,'—this was a slight slap at M. Thiers,—'nor can I write on subjects with which I have no sympathy'—that was a second; 'and I should cut but a sorry figure on horseback,—that was a third; 'consequently people who, I am sure, wish me well, but who will not come and see me at home, hold me up as a misanthrope, while I know that I am nothing of the kind.'"

Our author's account of the heterogeneous society under the Empire is well spiced with anecdotes—sometimes a trifle malicious—of the chief actors, and his characterizations of the Emperor and Empress and the chiefs of their suite are original and vivacious. His opinion of Eugenie is decidedly unfavorable. Forgetful of the days when she was only Mdlle. de Montijo, she seems to have really fancied herself an aristocrat by the Grace of God, in the old Bourbon sense of the term. In spite of her reputation for amiability and charity,

ity, she was, thinks our author, cruel at heart.

"The woman who could indulge in sentiment about the absence of dessert in the Saint-Lazare refectory, would at the end of a hunt, deliberately jump off her horse, plunge the gleaming knife in the throat of the panting stag, and revel in the sight of blood."

Nor was this hardihood of nature a hopeful sign of courage in the hour of danger. When the storm came,—

"She slunk away at the supreme hour; while the princess (Clotilde), whom she had presumed to teach the manners of a court, left like a princess in an open landau, preceded by an outrider."

The Empress's vindictiveness and imperious temper are well illustrated in the following anecdote. Eugenie was really unpopular with the people, and when the news of the Emperor Maximilian's death reached Paris there were ominous mutterings that boded no good. "What do the people say?" Napoleon asked M. Hyrvoix, the chief of the secret police—a man not given to mincing matters.

"This time, however, M. Hyrvoix kept silent for a while, then replied, 'The people do not say anything, sire.' Napoleon must have noticed the hesitating manner; for he said at once, 'You are not telling me the truth. What do the people say?' 'Well, sire, if you wish to know, not only the people, but everyone is deeply indignant and disgusted with the consequences of this unfortunate war. It is commented upon everywhere in the self-same spirit. They say it is the fault of—' 'The fault of whom?' repeated Napoleon. 'Sire,' stammered M. Hyrvoix, 'in the time of Louis XVI., people said, "It is the fault of the Austrian woman." 'Yes, go on.' 'Under Napoleon III. people say, "It is the fault of the Spanish woman." 'The words had scarcely left M. Hyrvoix's lips, when a door leading to the inner apartments opened, and the Empress appeared on the threshold. 'She looked like a beautiful fury,' said M. Hyrvoix to his friend, from whom I have got the story. 'She wore a white dressing-gown, her hair was waving on her shoulders, and her eyes shot flames. She hissed rather than spoke, as she bounded towards me; and, ridiculous as it may seem, I felt afraid for the moment. 'You will please repeat what you just now said, M. Hyrvoix,' she said in a voice hoarse with passion. M. Hyrvoix obeyed. 'The Spanish woman! The Spanish woman!' she jerked out three or four times—and I could see that her hands were clenched; 'I have become French, but I will show my enemies that I can be Spanish when occasion demands it.' . . . Next day M. Hyrvoix was appointed Receiver-General for one of the departments—that is exiled to the provinces."

The author holds Eugenie responsible for the German war and the humiliation it brought upon the French; and there is no better comment upon the then social and political régime than the fact that it placed a great nation at the mercy of a trivial woman who held her position by the tenure of her attractiveness to a single member of it.

E. G. J.

GEORGE MASON OF VIRGINIA.*

The South seems again to have entered the field of letters. A survey of the past two years will show a surprising list of works written by authors on the southern side of Mason and Dixon's line. It is an encouraging sign of actual reconstruction, even when, as is often the case, the author seems to be personally one of the unreconstructed. Two of the great Virginia Anti-federalists have been presented to the world almost simultaneously. Patrick Henry's life and works† were lately published in three sumptuous volumes prepared with much care and good sense. Now we have two volumes covering the life and public services of one whose career largely paralleled that of Henry. George Mason, from the Stamp Act to the adoption of the Constitution, was Henry's political companion and ally. The wonderful fiery eloquence of the one was almost equalled by the shrewd sense and acute argument of the other. Both were vigorous friends of Independence, and obstinate opponents of the Constitution as it came fresh from the Philadelphia Convention. Henry lived to become a Federalist. Mason remained a consistent Anti-federalist to the end. Their chief objection to the Constitution was the omission from it of a bill of rights—that special pride of a true Virginian's heart; together they demanded amendments, and held up dire and dreadful portents of the destruction that would ensue were the instrument adopted without further guaranties of liberty.

George Mason played a very prominent part in the history of Virginia during the twenty-five years subsequent to the Stamp Act. Possibly his greatest claim to fame is his authorship of the Virginia Bill of Rights. In fact, the Constitution of the State was largely of his framing. Henry has been often given the credit of writing two sections of the Bill of Rights, and there has been a special controversy over the celebrated clause guaranteeing religious liberty. It must be said that the author of these volumes makes out a very strong case for Mason. Henry's latest biographers have accepted as conclusive certain statements of Randolph, which the author of these volumes attempts to explain away. The argument for Mason is based almost en-

*THE LIFE OF GEORGE MASON, 1725-1792. By Kate Mason Rowland. Including his Speeches, Public Papers, etc., with Introduction by General Fitzhugh Lee. In two volumes, with portrait. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† Reviewed in THE DIAL for June, 1892.—[EDR.]

tirely upon circumstantial evidence, which, however, is very cogent, and has at least the effect of placing one's judgment in suspense, yet with little hope of having the facts more fully disclosed.

Mason was a member of the Philadelphia Convention, and took a prominent part in its deliberations. It cannot be said that his influence was at any time predominant or comparable with that of Wilson, Hamilton, or his young colleague, Madison. Some of his letters are very good indications of the feeling prevalent in the Convention. May 20, he writes to his son:

"The most prevalent idea in the principal States seems to be a total alteration of the present federal system and substituting a great national council or parliament, consisting of two branches of the legislature, founded upon the principles of equal proportionate representation, with full legislative powers upon all the subjects of the Union; and an executive; and to make the several State legislatures subordinate to the national by giving the latter power of a negative upon all such laws as they shall judge contrary to the interest of the federal Union."

This is very interesting testimony, and ought to prove instructive reading to those who still insist that consolidation was an after-thought of the full-fledged Federal party, or that it was a secret plot hatched in the brain of the arch-conspirator, Hamilton. Mason was certainly one of the unbending republicans, and yet we see this man advocating an efficient government. The author of these volumes seems bent upon turning every statement and every fact into an argument for State Sovereignty,—sometimes with very sorry results. Mason declared in the Convention—

"Not only that the present Confederation was deficient in not providing for coercion and punishment against delinquent States, but argued very cogently that punishment could not in the nature of things be executed to the States collectively, and therefore that such a government was necessarily such as could directly operate on individuals, and would punish those whose guilt required it."

In other words, what was wanted was not a government over States but over individuals; and, happily, that was the outcome of the Convention's labors. Madison long advocated the use of a veto or a coercion power over the States; but the Constitution as adopted made the coercion of States unnecessary, inasmuch as authority was established over persons,—for, as Madison said in the *Federalist*,—

"A sovereignty over sovereignties, a government over governments, a legislation for communities, as contradistinguished from individuals, as it is a solecism in theory, so in practice it is subversive of the order and ends of civil polity."

Of the members who were present at Philadelphia when the Constitution was agreed upon, Luther Martin of Maryland, and Randolph and Mason of Virginia, refused to sign. Mason's objections were made known in the Virginia Convention, and also in a letter to Washington written a short time after leaving Philadelphia. For some inconceivable reason, only an extract from this letter is given in these volumes. It would be interesting to compare his views of October, 1787, with those expressed in the Convention seven months later, after Henry and he had elaborated a defense against the Constitution. Want of space may account for the omission of the letter; but if that be the reason, one cannot help wishing other gossip letters of comparatively little value had been omitted also.

In the Virginia Convention Mason and Henry were the strong opponents of the Constitution. They were assisted by Benjamin Harrison, Grayson, Monroe, and others; but the burden of the battle rested with these two. They fought a hard fight. Strangely enough, though both came finally to a demand for amendments which would constitute a bill of rights, each began his speech with objections to the frame of government, on the ground that the Confederacy was changed into a consolidated government. Mason protested that "whether the Constitution be good or bad, the present clause clearly discovers that it is a national government, and no longer a Confederation." He referred to the clause which gives the general government the right to levy direct taxes. His judgment was sound. A government over governments does not levy direct taxes on individuals. It is curious to find that our author can get any solace for State Sovereignty from such statements.

The chapters on the Virginia Convention are full of comments, insinuations, and innuendoes, which are intended to be defenses of State Sovereignty and Secession. They come near to destroying the value of the chapters, which in other respects are a fair condensation of the third volume of "Eliot's Debates." One or two examples will illustrate. Citing Henry's speech of the 5th of June, the author says:

"One phrase here is prophetic: 'When the people of Virginia at a future day shall wish to alter their government, though they should be unanimous in this desire, yet they may be prevented therefrom by a despicable minority at the extremity of the United States.'"

Again, a quotation from this same speech is gratuitously amended by the insertion of "Vir-

ginia" in parentheses, after the words "our country."

"If we also accede, and it should prove grievous, the peace and prosperity of our country (Virginia), which we all love, will be destroyed."

Now Henry may have meant that Virginia was his country, but although he was then opposing the Constitution and advocating its rejection by his own State, there is nothing in the context to disclose the fact that he intended "our country" to refer to Virginia alone. The man who at the outbreak of the Revolution exclaimed with patriotic fervor, "I am not a Virginian! I am an American," had not entirely lost his broader sympathies. In the very speech which is thus interpreted for us by the lexicon of 1861, we find these words which the author does not quote:

"The first thing I have at heart is American liberty; the second thing is American union; and I hope the people of Virginia will endeavor to preserve that union."

The author seems to lament that Virginia stultified herself by adopting the Constitution, and quotes with approbation the statements of "our great Southern statesman, Jefferson Davis." One page is headed "Madison's Folly, Mason's Wisdom." The page includes the following sentences, which amply portray the animus of the author:

"And it was with the understanding that the Southern States were to be secured in all their rights that the Union of 1789 was formed. How these rights were violated, notably in questions affecting the institution of slavery, is matter of history."

It is a pity that such books as these should be marred by the introduction as *history* of arguments begotten in the brain of Calhoun forty years after the Constitution was adopted and not accepted by the South until after 1850.

One more quotation of this sort may be sufficient. The eighth chapter closes with these words:

"The early Federalists loved to compare the Union to a house with its thirteen compartments and its one roof sheltering all. The Anti-federalists might have suggested that a fit motto over the door of this house would be the words which Dante saw inscribed over the entrance to the Inferno: *Lasciate ogn speranza, voi ch' entrate*."

This would be annoying if it were not so silly.

An Introduction—of no merit—by Fitzhugh Lee, presents, amid sundry laudations of Mason, further arguments for State Sovereignty. Why these two large volumes, which have been prepared with so much labor, need an introduction of four pages of such a character, is inconceivable from a literary, but perhaps not from a commercial point of view.

The statements of these four pages ought to have been carefully revised by an accurate historian before being made permanent in printer's ink. Is there entire historical accuracy in suggesting that the Hartford Convention was prevented from recommending the secession of the Eastern States only by the termination of the war with England? The convention adjourned January 5, 1815. News of the treaty of peace was received in America February 11. Is there entire historical accuracy in intimating that the ratification of the Constitution in Virginia was aided by the news that New Hampshire, the ninth state, had already ratified? The Virginia Convention accepted the Constitution and adjourned June 27. Not until the last day of June or the first of July was the news of the ratification by New Hampshire received in Virginia.

In spite of faults, some of which have here been pointed out, these volumes are very valuable contributions to American history. They show tireless patience and some constructive ability. There is a very full and complete index, which ought to have been supplemented by a thorough analytical table of contents. Wherever the fondness of an admiring descendant or the partisanship of a doctrinaire has not interpolated extraneous dross, the books are quite worthy the subject. This is saying not a little, for George Mason was one of America's statesmen, and his part in the formation of the Virginia Constitution, the first written instrument of government fully wrought out during the Revolutionary period, entitles him to the honor of being considered one of the world's great statesmen.

ANDREW C. McLAUGHLIN.

JOWETT'S DIALOGUES OF PLATO.*

It is something more than twenty years since the first edition of Jowett's classical translation of Plato's Dialogues was published. By the issue of the present carefully revised third edition the now venerable scholar has substantially increased the great debt which we already owed him, and which indeed only the grateful memory of long years can discharge.

As this book is in almost everyone's library, it will be necessary to draw attention only to the novel features of the present edition. The

*THE DIALOGUES OF PLATO. Translated into English, with Analyses and Introductions, by B. Jowett, M.A. Third edition, in five volumes. New York: Macmillan & Co.

translator tells us in a note that "The additions and alterations which have been made, both in the Introductions and in the Text of this edition, affect at least a third of the work." For the most part these changes and corrections are of course slight in character, and so scattered up and down the work as to make individual mention of them out of the question. But a considerable extension of the discussion of Immortality in the Introduction to the *Phaedo* has been noted, and the addition of a few pages on the Greek sentiment of love in the Introduction to the *Symposium*. The translator himself, however, furnishes a list of the most important essays which have been added to the Introductions. The quotation of these will perhaps be in point. They are: "The Nature and Growth of Language"; "The Decline of Greek Literature"; "The 'Ideas' of Plato and Modern Philosophy"; "The Myths of Plato"; "The Relation of the Republic, Statesman, and Laws"; "The Legend of Atlantis"; "Psychology"; "Comparison of the Laws of Plato with Spartan and Athenian Laws and Institutions." These essays vary in length from twelve to twenty pages, and maintain the high standard of excellence of the Introductions, of which they really form a part.

Other new material appears in a second Appendix, containing translations, by Professor Jowett's secretary, Mr. Matthew Knight, of the *Second Alcibiades*, which deals with some of the difficulties about prayer, and the *Eryxias*, which may be said to anticipate some of the principal doctrines of modern political economy. Jowett assigns these dialogues to the second or third generation after Plato. Their interest lies in the modern character of several of the thoughts they contain. The short introductions are from Jowett's own hand.

A further change which should be noticed is an alteration in the order of the Dialogues. The *Cratylus* and the *Phaedrus* have been placed after the *Euthydemus*, and the *Symposium* after the *Ion*, in the first volumes; while in the fourth, the *Philebus* has been transferred from before the *Parmenides* to after the *Statesman*. So far as observed, the only explanation of these changes is the remark, affecting the last, that "The *Philebus* is probably the latest in time of the writings of Plato, with the exception of the *Laws*" (Vol. IV., p. 570). But we find in a new paragraph in the Introduction to the *Charmides* the general statement that "No arrangement of the Platonic Dialogues can be strictly chronological.

. . . There are no materials which would enable us to attain to anything like certainty" (Vol. I., p. 8).

The new feature which without question will be of greatest significance to scholars is the important extension of the Index (from 61-175 pages), which is credited to Mr. Knight. It would not be easy to over-estimate the value of this piece of work, considered as an instrument of analysis of Plato's world. Besides the very large increase of references to the subjects in the Index proper, there has been added, parenthetically, a number of short essays showing the special significance for Greek life of the great factors of civilization. "Art," "Education," "God," "Government," "Justice," "Music," "Poetry," "The State," are among the topics thus briefly, but most suggestively, treated. Some, too, are devoted to the characteristic features of Plato's philosophy. Of these, perhaps "Dialectic," "The Ideas," "Soul," "Virtue," are the most important. In all, there are eighteen of these short essays, covering in the aggregate some twenty-two pages of fine print; and though necessarily extremely brief, they are well-nigh invaluable for the study of Plato. They give us, in so many pieces, the great structural elements of Plato's world of thought.

Another improvement of no slight importance is the substitution of headings to the pages for the simple title of the Dialogue; and the reader's convenience has further been consulted by the addition of marginal analyses.

As one turns the pages of the careful analyses and elaborate introductions with which Professor Jowett has furnished his translations of the Dialogues, touching as they do upon almost everything connected either directly or remotely with the contents of these masterpieces of thought and literary art, one cannot avoid the feeling that the value of *such* a translation in reality far exceeds the value of the original compositions to a Greek of Plato's day. For the work is not merely a superior translation, properly edited,—it is a great *commentary*, and not only on Plato, but on Greek life and civilization as well. Moreover, in this, probably its definitive form, it represents not only the life-long study of the translator, but the combined scholarship of the English students of Plato of this generation. And it is a worthy monument of English scholarship. But it is more. It is a permanent power for culture in the English-speaking world, such as only those fully understand and

appreciate who know what a height and depth of culture there is in Plato, the one writer in all history who touched almost every phase of human life and experience not only with a spiritual and moral, but with an artistic touch. So great is our debt to Benjamin Jowett.

Of Jowett's estimate of Plato's philosophy, it is not so easy to speak with unqualified approval. The comments of the present edition only add to the already undue emphasis laid upon the uncertainty and incompleteness of Plato's thought, and upon the logical inconsistency of the various forms under which he conceived the Ideas.

"The forms which they assume are numerous, and if taken literally, inconsistent with one another. . . . It would be a mistake to try and reconcile these differing modes of thought. They are not to be regarded seriously as having a distinct meaning. They are parables, prophecies, myths, symbols, revelations, aspirations after an unknown world" (Vol. II., pp. 13, 14).

Plato is apprehended as poet and religious mystic. He neither sought to be systematic, nor was sure of what he had found. He was the "maker of ideas," which were "guesses" only "at the truth." On the other hand, Aristotle is not to be regarded as the completer of Plato's thought. If either is to be interpreted by the other, it is Aristotle who is to be interpreted by Plato, and not *vice versa*. "No man's thoughts were ever so well expressed by his disciples as by himself" (Vol. IV., p. 571).

To be sure, nothing could be more perverse than the attempt to crystallize Plato's liquid thought into an articulate system. But it is one thing to agree with Jowett's oft-repeated assertion that Plato's writings do not contain a "system," and quite another thing to admit that the different expressions of the Ideas are irreconcilable and without distinct meaning. The very idealism of which, in Jowett's own view, Plato is the father (Vol. I., Pref. p. XI.), and which he admits to be the common meaning in spirit pervading his writings (Vol. II., p. 14), shows us that Plato's "inconsistent" accounts of the Ideas are but the inevitable opposites in a higher synthesis. Plato the poet and seer ought not to make us forget Plato the logician and metaphysician. Grant that his conclusions are often tentative, hesitating, and sometimes incomplete, that his thoughts are clothed in poetic language, and his utterances often mystical: it still remains true that he was the founder of Dialectic, the scientific method of philosophy, and that behind the literary form of his writings there lay a very serious scientific purpose.

And Professor Jowett will find few to agree with him in looking upon Aristotle as a degenerate disciple of Plato. Plato rather represents a stage in the development of thought which culminated in Aristotle. The dangers of distorted historical perspective must always attend the life-long study of one thinker, however great he may be, and however truly he may reflect a whole civilization; and it may be that Professor Jowett has not wholly escaped this source of illusion. But perhaps it is a bit unfair to lay much stress upon philosophical interpretation in the case of a work so purely literary in character; and, as we have seen, too high praise could hardly be bestowed upon the literary skill and comprehensive scholarship represented by this translation of Plato.

In conclusion, a word of special commendation is due Messrs. Macmillan & Co., the American publishers of the work, for the truly magnificent style in which it is issued.

WILLISTON S. HOUGH.

RECENT BOOKS OF POETRY.*

Mr. Swinburne's domestic tragedy of "The Sisters," published so soon after Lord Tennyson's "The Foresters," brings with it a certain suggestion of

*THE SISTERS: A Tragedy. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. New York: United States Book Co.

PHAON AND SAPPHO, and NIMROD. By James Dryden Hosken. New York: Macmillan & Co.

BALLADS AND BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Macmillan & Co.

THE SONG OF THE SWORD, and Other Verses. By W. E. Henley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

FLOWER O' THE VINE, ROMANTIC BALLADS, AND SOSPIRI DI ROMA. By William Sharp. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co.

LAYS AND LEGENDS (Second Series). By E. Nesbit (Mrs. Hubert Bland). New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

LEADING CASES DONE INTO ENGLISH, and Other Diversions. By Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart. New York: Macmillan & Co.

HELEN OF TROY: Her Life and Translation. Done into Rhyme from the Greek Books. By Andrew Lang. London: George Bell & Sons.

LOVE LETTERS OF A VIOLINIST, and Other Poems. By Eric Mackay. New York: Lovell, Coryell & Co.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY LYRICS. Edited by George Saintsbury. New York: Macmillan & Co.

SONGS OF THE LOWLY, and Other Poems. By George Horton. Chicago: F. J. Schulte & Co.

TOLD IN THE GATE. By Arlo Bates. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

DREAMS AND DAYS. Poems by George Parsons Lathrop. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

SWALLOW FLIGHTS. By Louise Chandler Moulton. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

THE WINGS OF ICARUS. By Susan Marr Spalding. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

THE DIVINE COMEDY OF DANTE ALIGHIERI. Translated by Charles Eliot Norton. III., Paradise. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

friendly rivalry, and makes inevitable some sort of comparison. In each case, the poet has written in a rather lighter vein than previously, and with some view to the requirements of the stage. But neither has gone so far in his concessions as to forget that the production of pure poetry was his foremost aim, and that aim has by each notably been reached. In its exhibition of the essentially dramatic instinct, the instinct that grasps to the full the dramatic possibilities of each moment of the action, and that determines the succession of events with clear sight of the coming climax, Mr. Swinburne's work is the more successful, although this must not be interpreted to mean that it is better adapted to the requirements of the spectator. In that respect we think that "The Foresters" has the advantage, although the reader finds it dramatically less perfect. On the other hand the glamour of romantic historical association, which gives to Lord Tennyson's plays so much of its charm, is almost wholly lacking in "The Sisters." In restraint, in that simplicity of form that denotes the highest art, in the beauty of detached lines and lyrics, it would be difficult to give more praise to one play than to the other. Mr. Swinburne's poem certainly appears defective in its frequent introduction of modern colloquialisms into the dialogue. They offer a contrast to the tragic tone of the play as a whole, and detract something from its dignity. The dramatic interlude (for there is a play within the play) is consistent in key, and is a little masterpiece. It is introduced by the following lovely lyric:

"Love and Sorrow met in May
Crowned with rue and hawthorn-spray,
And Sorrow smiled.
Scarce a bird of all the spring
Durst between them pass and sing,
And scarce a child.

"Love put forth his hand to take
Sorrow's wreath for Sorrow's sake,
Her crown of rue.
Sorrow cast before her down
Even for love's sake Love's own crown,
Crowned with dew.

"Winter breathed again, and Spring
Cowered and shrank with wounded wing
Down out of sight.
May, with all her loves laid low,
Saw no flowers but flowers of snow
That mocked her flight.

"Love rose up with crownless head
Smiling down on springtime dead,
On wintry May.
Sorrow, like a cloud that flies,
Like a cloud in clearing skies,
Passed away."

Mr. Swinburne's dedications have a matchless grace well known to his readers, and the dedication of this volume, to Lady Mary Gordon, is as good as the best of those that have preceded it.

Any serious attempt to restore the blank-verse drama to its proper place in English poetry is deserving of praise, and Mr. Hosken's two tragedies, "Phaon and Sappho" and "Nimrod," are serious

and carefully-planned pieces of work. But they are not written in the language of poetry, as such a passage as follows will illustrate:

"The princes of Epiro and Egypt come,
Being students and companions from their youth,
In visitation to our honoured isle;
Lesbos being in the line and route of travel
That they propose to go. Come with us now,
And you will see their landing and their state;
The bustle and commotion of the day
Will help to dissipate your darker mood
By loss of individuality
Among a crowd that spurs your interest up."

There is too much of this hopelessly prosaic sort of composition in Mr. Hosken's pages. Their real failure is here, and not in the anachronisms of which criticism is forestalled by the author's own preface.

Most of Mr. Kipling's "Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads" have been published in a previous collection, but some (including the best of them) are new except to the magazines. In "The English Flag" the poet certainly touches the high-water mark of his powers. This splendid lyric gives to English patriotism such voice as its most inspired singers have rarely given it. Taking for his text a newspaper paragraph descriptive of mob-insult to the Union Jack, the poet appeals to the four winds to put the rabble to shame.

"Winds of the World, give answer! They are whimpering
to and fro—
And what should they know of England, who only England
know?—
The poor little street-bred people that vapour and fume and
brag,
They are lifting their heads in the stillness to yelp at the
English flag."

And one by one the winds give answer, and rehearse the deeds of English daring that they have witnessed and vainly endeavored to bring to naught. Here is the closing stanza of the West wind's song and the poem:

"The dead dumb fog hath wrapped it—the frozen dews have
kissed—
The naked stars have seen it, a fellow-star in the mist.
What is the flag of England? Ye have but my breath to
dare,
Ye have but my waves to conquer. Go forth, for it is there!"

Nothing else in the volume makes quite the impression of this ringing ballad, although other poems hold the attention by their picturesque quality. "The Ballad of Boh Da Thone" gives expression to the whole of modern India, if one reads it aright, and the story of "Tomlinson" blends the qualities of imagination and irony most effectively, although the episode it describes finds its prototype in a remarkable scene of Ibsen's "Peer Gynt."

The author of "The Song of the Sword" has a vocabulary of big words which he uses in so conveniently vague a sense that doubtless some one will presently discover him to be the greatest poet of the age. Most of his mouthings seem to us sound and fury, but we would hardly say that their significance is naught; rather that they have too

many possible significations. One can, with an effort, generally get their drift, but only the coöperative intellect of a club would be equal to the task of elucidating their details. Here, for example, is a characteristic passage, in which the Moon and Sea are personified:

"Flaunting, tawdry, and grim,
From cloud to cloud along her beat,
Leering her battered and inveterate leer,
She signals where he prowls in the dark alone,
Her horrible old man,
Mumbling old oaths and warming
His villainous old bones with villainous talk—
The secrets of their gria!y housekeeping
Since they went out upon the pad
In the first twilight of self-conscious Time:
Growling, obscene, and hoarse,
Tales of unnumbered ships,
Goodly and strong, companions of the Advance
In some vile alley of the night
Waylaid and bludgeoned—
Dead."

There is imagination enough here, and of unusually strong quality, but we question the use of epithets at many points. Some of the pieces, as wholes, remain absolute enigmas after several readings. It cannot be the poet's business to write in a way to deserve such comments. There is a good deal of the gospel according to Whitman in Mr. Henley's lines; the joy of living, the praise of deed, and the sentiment of patriotism.

"Life is worth living
Through every grain of it
From the foundations
To the last edge
Of the cornerstone, death."

This is about the essence of the writer's philosophy. Both the passages we have quoted illustrate his fondness for irregular metres; in fact, most of his work is nothing more than rhythmical prose. As such, it does not lapse from taste, as freely or as far as Whitman's, but it lacks the American poet's distinction of phrase. Our second illustration also illustrates a metre that has never been made to work well in modern English; that no modern writer, except Goethe, seems to have been able to use effectively. If Mr. Henley would cease doing violence to style for the sake of originality and consent to the formal restraints within which much greater poets do not chafe, his imaginative and emotional qualities would carry him far, as indeed, they have done already in some of his shorter and less pretentious poems.

Some spirited and rather striking Scotch ballads, a group of "poems of phantasy," and a collection of nocturnes, inspired by Roman themes—fitly named "*Sospiri di Roma*"—are the contents of Mr. William Sharp's volume of collected verse. The Roman pieces are irregular in measure and roughly rhythmical; their vocabulary is poetical, although there are not a few verbal affectations to be found in them. "*The Isle of Lost Dreams*" is a "poem of phantasy" which, although brief, amply illustrates the writer's mood and manner.

"There is an Isle beyond our ken,
Haunted by dreams of weary men.
Grey Hopes enshadow it with wings
Weary with burdens of old things:
There the insatiate water-springs
Rise with the tears of all who weep:
And deep within it, deep, oh deep
The furtive voice of Sorrow sings,
There evermore,
Till Time be o'er,
Sad, oh so sad, the Dreams of men
Drift through the Isle beyond our ken."

Mr. Thomas A. Janvier contributes a friendly and not over critical introduction to the volume.

Mrs. Bland's humorous description of her Muse as a being who

"Walks life's muddy ways
Barefooted; preaches, sometimes prays,
Is modern, is advanced, has views;
Goes in for lectures, reads the news."

illustrates one aspect of the poems which she calls "*Lays and Legends*." The other and truer aspect may be seen in such a poem as "*Here and There*," which contrasts the peace of the country with the turmoil of the town, and deliberately chooses the latter, for

"Yet in my darkest night there shines a star
More fair than day;
There is a flower that blossoms sweet and white
In the sad city way.
That flower blooms not where the wide marshes gleam,
That star shines only when the skies are grey.
"For here fair peace and passionate pleasure wane
Before the light
Of radiant dreams that make our lives worth life
And turn to noon our night:
We fight for freedom and the souls of men—
Here, and not there, is fought and won our fight!"

Mr. Swinburne might almost have written these verses and put them among his "*Songs before Sunrise*." Mrs. Bland's work is very strong, as readers of her previous volumes know. There are ballads of marked dramatic power, and spiritual tragedies told in song. And the poems echo in every line a life that has been lived, not merely dreamed about. Perhaps the finest of them all is the dual song of "*The Lost Soul and the Saved*," of the soul that was saved because it was never tempted, and the soul that was lost because flesh was stronger than spirit. There is a subtle irony about this poem that makes it singularly impressive. Is the soul saved, after all? that can exclaim in exultation—

"Oh, the infinite marvels of grace,
Oh, the great atonement's cost!
Lifting my soul above
Those other souls that are lost!"

Or is the other really lost when it can thus give thanks?

"Hell is not hell lit by such consolation,
Heaven were not heaven that lacked a thought like this—
That, though my soul may never see salvation,
God yet saves all these other souls of his!"

Sir Frederick Pollock's amusing parodies called "*Leading Cases Done into English*" were originally published in 1876. They include examples after Chaucer, Browning, Swinburne, and Tennyson, as well as several imitations of old ballad forms.

Here is a bit of the version according to Browning of the case of *Scott v. Shepherd* (1 Sm. L. C. 480):

"Now, you're my pupil!
On the good ancient plan I shall do what I can
For your hundred guineas to give my law's blue pill.
(Let high jurisprudence which thinks me and you dense,
Set posse of cooks to stir new Roman soup ill),
First volume of Smith shall give you the pith
Of leading decision that shows the division
Of action on case from plain action of trespass,
Where to count in assault law benignantly says 'Pass!'"

Mr. Swinburne has never been better parodied (not even by himself) than in the dedication of these "leading cases" to the mythical J. S. of the old law-books. Here is the last stanza:

"Though the Courts that were manifold dwindle
To divers Divisions of one,
And no fire from your face may rekindle
The light of old learning undone,
We have suitors and briefs for our payment,
While, so long as a Court shall hold pleas,
We talk moonshine with wigs for our raiment,
Not sinking the fees."

The "other diversions," now first collected, consist of Greek, Latin, French, and German verses and translations, together with two or three English pieces. We must extract some lines from the poem upon the young man who has gone in for the "higher criticism" of the Old Testament and who says:

"J'ai crânement lavé
La tête à messire Iahvé."

The poet may not be sound, but he is surely amusing when he remarks:

"Car m'est avis que l'Eternel,
Juge à nous tous et sans appel,
Ayant au fond, soit dit sans schisme,
Pas mal de pantagruélisme,
Ne s'occupe de telle gent
Que pour en rire énormément."

Mr. Lang's "Helen of Troy: Her Life and Translation," was well deserving of reproduction in the tasteful and very inexpensive edition before us. It is a charming piece of work; perhaps the best of the author's essays in versemaking. As most readers know, Mr. Lang tells the story of Helen from the standpoint of the legend that leaves her blameless for her desertion of Menelaus, making her but the blind instrument of the will of Aphrodite. It is needless to add that no one not saturated with the spirit of Greek poetry and myth could have written this lovely poem.

The new and authorized edition of Mr. Eric Mackay's "Love Letters of a Violinist and Other Poems" contains a considerable amount of matter not included in the earlier editions. Perhaps the best of the added poems is "A Choral Ode to Liberty," from which we extract these stanzas:

"A thousand times, O Freedom! have I turned
To thy rapt face, and wished that, martyr-wise,
I might achieve some glory, such as burned
Within the depths of Gordon's azure eyes.
Ah God! how sweet it were to give thee life,
To aid thy cause, self-sinking in the strife,
Loving thee best, O Freedom! and in tears
Giving thee thanks for death-accepted years."

"For thou art fearful, though so grand of soul,
Fearful and fearless and the friend of men.
The haughtiest kings shall bow to thy control,
And rich and poor shall take thy guidance then.
Who doubts the daylight when he sees afar
The fading lamp of some night-weary star,
Which prophet-like, has heard amid the dark
The first faint prelude of the nested lark?"

Mr. Mackay's briefer lyrics are often sweet and true, while the "Love Letters of a Violinist" throb with a passion whose sincerity none may question. Many of the poems sound a high note of patriotism, and some of them pay such tribute to Shakespeare as few poets have found words for. We note with surprise that these poems have been overlooked by Mrs. Silsby in her recent anthology of verse dedicated to the greatest of poets. "Mary Arden" and "The King's Rest" are poems that certainly should not be missed in that collection. Mr. Mackay's sonnets are not always regular in form, but they include some fine examples of workmanship. Three pretty Italian songs close Mr. Mackay's volume. The exquisite poem, "I Miei Saluti," after greeting the daisy, the nightingale, and the May sun, thus ends:

"Ti saluto, Donna mia,
Casta e pia, . . . ti saluto!
Sei la diva dei desiri,
Sei la Santa dei Sospiri."

Mr. Saintsbury's anthology of "Seventeenth Century Lyrics" includes nearly two hundred numbers, beginning with Dekker, Jonson, Campion, and the other later Elizabethans, and ending very naturally with Dryden. "In this seventeenth century of ours," remarks the editor, "England was a mere nest of singing birds, a nightingale's haunt in a centennial May." Mr. Saintsbury has the advantage of a wide range of reading and of Mr. Bullen's labors as a collector of lyrics. He has included almost all sorts of things that could possibly be called lyrics, sonnets alone excepted, has given his pieces whole, and has quite needlessly mixed them up in his arrangement. Shakespeare and Milton are not here, "for the stars look best when both sun and moon are away."

The lesson of "The Arrow and the Song" seems to have been taken to heart by Mr. George Horton, to judge from the prelude to his volume of verse.

"I plucked a song from out my heart one day,
And tossed it on the noisy stream of rhyme.
Sadly I watched it slowly float away
'Amongst thistles, weeds, and sprigs of fragrant thyme.
'Tis lost,' I said, 'tis lost for evermore
Although within my heart of hearts it grew.'
And yet, far down beside the reedy shore
It taught one soul its lesson sweet and true.
And I, I never knew."

Much of Mr. Horton's work is so good, that we cannot help wishing it were better. It is easy to see that it might be better, and that it generally fails from carelessness rather than from lack of gift. It is the old story of fatal facility over again. There are some pretty translations, one of them from Gautier (here called Gauthier), and it is pre-

cisely the sort of art exemplified by Gautier that Mr. Horton would do well to study. Of the "Songs of the Lowly," the piece called "The Outs and Ins" offers an excellent example. It ends in this fashion:

"The Ins are born of finest clay,
The gods bend down to hear them pray;
Chance smiles upon them at their birth
And during all their days on earth
This bright old planet gayly spins
To the jolly tune of the Outs and Ins.
Of coarsest clay the Outs are born—
A heritage of toil and scorn;
And they may curse, or may implore
Our God and all the gods of yore;
But still the dark earth shrieks and spins
To the bitter tune of the Outs and Ins.
Ah me! And so, in life and death,
We cling to him of Nazareth;
Of blessed Lazarus we tell,
And Dives, dead and gone to hell;
Because this old earth only spins
To the dreary tune of the Outs and Ins."

Mr Horton writes sometimes in gravely philosophic mood, and, at his best, the product is like this:

"We live two lives thus: one in which there beams
By turns a sun and moon;
The other while we range the realm of dreams,
Wearing its magic shoon.
Wild songs, low sobs, faint echoings, often drift
From that life into this,
And sometimes greet us, peeping through a rift,
Faces of those we miss.
But who our unremembered dreams can guess?
Can any poet tell
What popped meads with eager feet we press,
What fields of asphodel?
Nay this our madness, that we think is life,
Lasts only for a day,
And then we leave its folly and its strife,
To sleep and dream for aye."

Much of Mr. Horton's verse is of the "society" sort, and often catches something very like the grace of Praed or Dobson. "Out in Tokio" is a pretty trifle apropos of Sir Edwin Arnold, the susceptible. This is the last stanza:

"Love, the wide world over,
Catches small and great;
Maidens' eyes are fatal,
Whether slant or straight.
Hearts are made to open,
Just as buds to blow.
Luck to hold Sir Edwin
Out in Tokio!
Out in Tokio, out in Tokio,
Luck to gallant Edwin
Out it in Tokio!"

The new volume of poems by Mr. Arlo Bates gives us a series of Arabian tales, as "Told in the Gate" of Ispahan by a professional story-teller. They are seven in number, written in blank verse, and interspersed with songs. In these Arabian Days' Entertainments, Mr. Bates has done better work than his other volumes would have led us to expect. The narratives have oriental coloring, dramatic interest, and a distinctive style. Even the lyrics are pleasing, although subjective verse

has not hitherto seemed to be the author's affair. Here is a brief but pretty example:

"Oh, can night doubt its star, the dawn its sun?
Can rivers doubt the sea to which they run?
No more canst thou doubt me, heart's dearest one!
Doubt is the darkness, love the light;
Doubt is the night, and love the day;
Doubt is this earth which takes its flight;
But love is Heaven that lasts away!"

It can hardly be said that Mr. Bates has realized the oriental type of the lover's passion in these tales. It is really the sentimental and romantic passion of the West that is here disguised but not concealed beneath the glowing imagery of the East. But the stories are charmingly conceived and told, and their variety of incident makes us forget to scrutinize their essential truthfulness too closely.

Lyrics that do not sing, dramatic narratives that do not stir, and respectable sonnets and memorial odes that impart no thrill, are about the sum of what may be found in Mr. George Parsons Lathrop's volume of "Dreams and Days." One need not even be the "mephitic angry critic" of "O Jay!" to fail to recognize poetry in lines of which these are a fair example,

"O jay—
Blue jay!
What are you trying to say?
I remember, in the spring
You pretended you could sing;
But your voice is now still queerer,
And as yet you've come no nearer
To a song."

We regret to say that Mr. Lathrop has nowhere come much "nearer to a song" than in this instance.

Mrs. Moulton has a high and assured place in the ranks of our minor poets, and the new edition of her volume of 1877 does not need to create an audience. A few new poems are added, and the title "Swallow Flights" is given to the entire collection. Mrs. Moulton's song is simple and spontaneous in utterance, and sincerity marks it throughout. "Fiat Justitia" is an excellent example of the workmanship.

"Yes, all is ended now, for I have weighed thee,—
Weighed the light love that has been held so dear,—
Weighed word and look and smile, that have betrayed thee,
The careless grace that was not worth a tear.

"Holding these scales, I marvel at the anguish
For thing so slight that long my heart hath torn,—
For God's great sun the prisoner's eyes might languish,
Not for a torch by some chance passer borne.

"I do not blame thee for thy heedless playing
On the strong chords whose answer was so full,—
Do children care, through daisied meadows straying,
What hap befalls the blossoms that they pull?"

"Go on, gay trifter! Take thy childish pleasure:
On thee, for thee, may summer always shine:
Too stern were Justice, should she seek to measure
Thy fitful love by the strong pain of mine."

Mrs. Moulton's poems are largely contemplative and retrospective. They have the grace of autumn woods or of sunset skies. The few sonnets make

us wish that there were more of them. Their gentle melancholy is very suggestive of the blind poet, the author's friend, to whom she has paid frequent loving tribute.

No better text for a commentary upon "The Wings of Icarus" could be found than the quatrain at the close of the volume:

"Scorn not the small song-blossoms of the hour,
Whose fragile petals strew the winds of time.
Some distant age may joy to see them flower
Upon our crumbling Parthenons of rhyme."

The poems to which Miss Spalding has given the title above quoted are indeed slight and fragile-petalled blossoms of song, but they are both fragrant and fair. There is perhaps too much modesty in the title, and in the confession and prophesy that goes with it:

"Like Icarus, I deemed my pinions strong
To bear me to the heaven of my desire;
Like him, from skies too glowing, I am hurled.
Now, for a day these broken plumes of song,
Faded and scorched by love's divinest fire,
The winds of fate shall blow about the world."

Certainly there is both deep feeling and strangely imaginative power in such a sonnet as "Death's First Lesson," and we should be loth to believe that the winds of fate will blow it straight to oblivion:

"Three sad, strange things already death hath shown
To me who lived but yesterday. My love,
Who lived to kiss my hands and lips above
All other joys,—whose heart upon my own
So oft has throbbed,—fears me, now life has flown,
And shuddering turns away. The friend who strove
My trust to win, and all my faith did prove,
Sees in my pale, still form a bar o'erthrown
To some most dear desire. While one who spake
No fond and flattering word of love or praise,
Who only cold and stern reproof would give
To all my foolish unconsidered ways,—
This one would glad have died that I might live;
This heart alone lies broken for my sake."

Miss Spalding's verse has fervor and sincerity; it is the voice of the heart to the heart, and the lyrical quality is not lacking, although often subdued to philosophic strain.

The publication of the "Paradise" completes Professor Norton's prose translation of "The Divine Comedy," and thus places in the hands of readers not familiar with the original a version at once accurate and elegant, provided with as many notes as an intelligent reader ought to have, and divided into volumes of convenient size and satisfactory typography. In the matter of notes, although the difficult theology of the third Cantica calls for more than were needed in the earlier volumes, the reader has been treated about as he was treated by Richard Grant White in his edition of Shakespeare. He who knows something of Italian (if ever so little) will find Butler more useful than Norton, but others will have no hesitation in declaring for the latter version.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*A good-tempered
Englishman's
views of America.*

THE "Land of the Almighty Dollar" (F. Warne & Co.), a volume with an obtrusively star-spangled cover, sets forth the hasty American impressions of F. Panmure Gordon. Mr. Gordon is an Englishman who has, he says, "scanned the world from China to Peru"; and one is gratified to find that opinions formed of us by so extensive a traveller are, on the whole, very favorable. Mr. Gordon is clearly a good-tempered man. He discourses with amiable garrulity of American hotels, clubs, railways, newspapers, politics, etc., and gives his views as to New York, Chicago, and the World's Fair. He finds our hotel service "perfectly execrable," our paper money a concrete exemplification of "filthy lucre," our carriages, like our women (though here with certain reservations as to accent), "*hors ligne*," our theatres "generally very attractive," and the city of Chicago—to the contemptuous amusement of his New York friends—"one of the wonders of modern times." We are pained to find Mr. Gordon alluding, in a lively chapter on New York society, to the great Mr. McAllister as "a certain rather fatuous person, who has been more or less prominent, according to the point of view taken in social matters," etc. This is irreverent enough; but when the infatuated man goes on to say (touching the position of the word "van" in a man's name), "Thus, Van Courtland, for example, is aristocratic, Sullivan is plebian; but when you deprive Van Courtland of his money and hand it over to Sullivan, the position of the 'van' is not so important," one really begins to think of Ajax and the lightning. In view of his chapter on American women, however, much may be forgiven Mr. Gordon. "There is no doubt," he thinks, "that the mixture of race, or atmosphere, or whatever makes beauty—that subtle but most desirable alchemy—is floating like thistle-down in the air of the United States of America." Of American women abroad: "No women are more courted, admired, and praised. If they choose to respond by being bouncing and loud, it is a fault easily corrected. Remembering they come from a country where they are always first, they are always found running against cobweb lines of etiquette. Like persons who come out of a glare of light into a dark room where they do not see, what wonder if they make some mistakes?" The volume contains a portrait of the author, and is prettily illustrated with vignettes in the French style.

*Professor Huxley's
hard crabtree
and old-iron
controversies.*

IN the "Prologue" to his recently-issued collection of "Essays Upon Controverted Questions" (Appleton) Professor Huxley modestly observes that "few literary dishes are less appetizing than cold controversy"; which is quite true as a general statement. The issues discussed in this volume, however, are not likely to grow "cold" for some time to come,

and the "Essays" are, moreover, worth reading, like all Professor Huxley's books, for their literary quality alone. Every page illustrates the advantages over the man of science pure and simple, of the man of science who, like Professor Huxley, has relieved his dusty labors by occasional sallies into philosophy and polite literature. The papers (sixteen in all) are reprints, mostly from the "Nineteenth Century," and include the author's replies to Mr. Gladstone and to Dr. Wace of King's College in the debates on the "Interpretation of Genesis," etc., and on "Agnosticism," "The Evolution of Theology," "Science and Morals," etc. As a master of fence, the doughty Professor is easily chief; but in awarding him the palm it is only fair to note that his rivals were heavily handicapped at the start by the antecedent improbability of much they argued for. In the paper on "Agnosticism," after an interesting bit of intellectual autobiography too long for quotation, the author thus sums up his philosophical attainments: "Philosophy and history having laid hold of me in this eccentric fashion, have never loosened their grip. I have no pretension to be considered an expert on either subject; but the turn for philosophical and historical reading, which rendered Hamilton and Guizot attractive to me, has not only filled many lawful leisure hours, and still more sleepless ones, with the repose of changed mental occupation, but has not unfrequently disputed my proper work-time with my liege lady, Natural Science. In this way I have found it possible to cover a good deal of ground in the territory of philosophy; and all the more easily that I have never cared much about A's or B's opinions, but have rather sought to know what answer he had to give to the questions I had to put to him—that of the limitation of possible knowledge being the chief. The ordinary examiner, with his 'State the views of So-and-So,' would have floored me at any time. If he had said, What do you think about any given problem, I might have got on fairly well."

A completed section of Herbert Spencer's Principles of Ethics.

VOLUME I. of Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Ethics" (Appleton) is now issued complete. The contents of the book are divided into three parts: "The Data of Ethics" (published separately in 1879), "The Inductions of Ethics," and "The Ethics of Individual Life." Part IV. ("The Ethics of Social Life: Justice") of Vol. II. of this last main division of the "Synthetic Philosophy" has recently been issued separately. In the preface to the present volume Mr. Spencer explains his irregular course of publication of the several portions of "The Principles of Ethics" as due to his anxiety to treat at least partially, before failing health should intervene, a division of his system (the Ethical) to which he regards all preceding parts as subsidiary. "Now that moral injunctions," he says, "are losing the authority given by their supposed sacred origin, the secularization of morals is

becoming imperative"; and he has therefore been anxious to indicate in outline at least this final section of his philosophical scheme, "because the establishment of rules of right conduct on a scientific basis is a pressing need." The volume, bearing as it does more or less directly on the vital question, "How to live," is an especially popular one; and its practical value will be allowed even by those not willing or not ready to subscribe to the view that conscience is derived.

An unsatisfactory biography of Thomas Carlyle.

IT is a pity that there should be such inequality among the volumes of the "English Men of Letters" series (Harper). A series which includes such nearly perfect works as Symonds's Shelley, Myers's Wordsworth, Pattison's Milton, has a high standard to maintain which ought not to be allowed to suffer depreciation when new books are added. Yet this is done in the latest volume, devoted to Thomas Carlyle and written by Professor John Nichol. The skilful mingling of biography and criticism which one hopes for in a work of this kind is not attained; there is nothing new in the way of facts; the mass of existing material is not picturesquely treated so as to leave a distinct impression, nor is the literary style as good as we should expect from the author of a manual on English composition. However, the book will not be without value for the reader seeking a condensed record of Carlyle's principal writings, doings, and complainings. But the chapters in which an attempt is made to summarize Carlyle's political philosophy, his ethics and influence, are sadly lacking in the strength and force which naturally belong to these subjects, and it is here that the author has missed a great opportunity.

Lessons from the Sermons of Theodore Parker.

AN old friend in a new dress comes to us in Theodore Parker's "Lessons from the World of Matter and the World of Man" (C. H. Kerr & Co.) The book has been for some time out of print, having been first published in 1865; it consists of extracts from the sermons of Parker's last ten years of ministry (1849-1859). Other compilations from Parker's religious writings will be consulted by those who seek to know Parker's power as a thinker and scholar; but this volume as reprinted will resume its old place as the favorite of those who value Parker's words as helps in formation of character and the conduct of life. His own mind was democratic, and in his highest flights of imagination it has been truly said "he kept both his feet planted on the soil."

Timely and charming chapters in Popular Astronomy.

Two years ago we had occasion to praise Sir Robert S. Ball's admirable and popular treatment of elementary astronomy in a book called "Starland." Now we have another volume from the same author, "In Starry Realms" (Lippincott), supplementary to the earlier work, even more charming,

and dealing with matters of special interest relating to the different heavenly bodies. The chapter on "Mars as a World" is especially timely, when all eyes have so lately been turned upon that planet, and our opportunities for gossip about our neighbor's affairs are better than they will be again for thirty-two years. Other interesting chapters are given to "Venus and Mercury," "The Greatest Planet," "The Names of the Planets," "A Falling Star," etc. An interesting presentation of "Darwinism and its Relation to Other Branches of Science," previously published in "Longman's Magazine," forms the twenty-third and concluding chapter of this copiously illustrated, beautifully printed and truly valuable volume.

*Life and manners
in the Blue-Grass
Region of Kentucky.*

UNDER the collective title, "The Blue-Grass Region of Kentucky," Harper & Brothers reprint a series of articles descriptive of Kentucky life and manners, by James Lane Allen. The papers appeared originally in "Harper's" and "The Century Magazine," and they merit their present more permanent form. Mr. Allen writes easily and well, has a good eye for local types and color, and is judicious in the use of dialect,—giving the reader enough of it to serve as a sample, yet not enough to upset his stomach. To exemplify the speech of the Kentucky mountaineer is one thing, to force a reader to listen to it for hours together is another; and Mr. Allen leans to the side of mercy. The illustrations are usually good.

*A chatty and
gossipy book
about Stage-plays.*

THE high quality of William Winter's work in dramatic criticism fairly entitles it to the fine setting which it receives in the series of volumes to which "Old Shrines and Ivy" (Macmillan) is now added. Ten papers are given to "Shrines of History" and ten others to "Shrines of Literature." These latter were mainly written by way of introduction to stage-versions of plays edited and privately printed by Augustine Daly. They are on such subjects as "The Forest of Arden: As You Like It"; "Fairy Land; A Mid-Summer Night's Dream"; "Will o' the Wisp; Love's Labour's Lost." They concern themselves less with æsthetic criticism (thank heaven!) than with historical and bibliographical facts, early forms of publication, stage presentations, actors early and late, the introduction of music, and other matters not generally familiar nor easily ascertained.

BRIEFER MENTION.

THE translation of Blantschli's "Allgemeine Staatslehre," by the coöperative labor of three Oxford fellows, has now appeared in a second edition (Macmillan) which does not, however, differ materially from the first. It is hardly too much to say of this work that it is an attempt, and not an unsuccessful one, "to do for the European State what Aristotle accomplished for the Hellenic." "The Theory of the State," in this

very acceptable version, is one of the few books that absolutely must find a place on the political science shelf of every student's library.

THE "Dictionary of Political Economy," edited by R. H. Inglis Palgrave, has reached its third part, the contents extending to "Conciliation, Boards of," "Charitism, Children's Labor, Christianity, City, Civil Law, Clearing System, Cobbett, Colonies, Combination, Commerce, and Companies are the subjects of the more important articles in this number (Macmillan).

THE "Writings and Speeches of Grover Cleveland" have been collected and edited by Mr. George F. Parker (Cassell). The book is an attractive one, and in no sense a specimen of campaign literature. Mr. Parker has classified his material in accordance with the subjects treated, and has even gone so far as to dissect Mr. Cleveland's messages, placing each paragraph under its appropriate head. No violence is done to the author's style by this treatment, for continuity is the last thing that one looks for in a Presidential message. A few letters of a personal nature, together with a sober and sympathetic introduction, add greatly to the interest of the volume.

SOME recently published translations of foreign fiction deserve a line of recognition. Theophile Gautier's "Four Destinies" is translated by Lucy Arrington (Worthington), E. Werner's "Enthralled and Released," by Dr. Raphael, Señora Bazán's "The Swan of Vilamorta," and Pedro Antonio de Alarcón's "The Child of the Ball," by Mrs. Mary J. Serrano (Cassell), Potopenko's "The General's Daughter," by W. Gausen (Cassell), and "Jean de Kerdren," a novel, by Mlle. Jeanne Schultz, author of "La Neuvaïne de Collette," is translated anonymously (Appleton). "One Year: A Tale of Wedlock" (Worthington) is said to be from the Swedish, but no name, either of author or translator, appears in connection with it.

LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS.

The addresses made upon the occasion of Walt Whitman's funeral have been published by Mr. Horace L. Traubel in a tasteful pamphlet.

"Harper's Weekly" for September 10 has several articles upon its late editor, George William Curtis, including one by Mr. W. D. Howells.

Buyers of rare books are warned against a clever forgery of Mr. Swinburne's "Siena," the original of which was printed privately in 1868.

The "Overland Monthly" for September prints an interesting sheaf of poems about California, collected from the work of the last few years.

The "Review of Reviews" for September contains an account of a recent performance of the "Electra" of Sophocles, by the students of Iowa College.

A very interesting article, describing an expedition to the great falls of Labrador, and written by Henry G. Bryant, is published in the September "Century."

D. Appleton & Co. announce a new story by Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnson, to be entitled "Mr. Fortner's Marital Claims." It will appear in the "Summer Series."

"Hawbuck Grange" is the latest issue in the new "Jorrocks" edition of the popular "Hanley Cross" sporting novels (Lippincott). This work was first published in 1847.

Professor J. V. Sládek, the editor of a Prague newspaper, has translated a large number of the songs and ballads of Burns into Czech, preserving the metrical forms of the original.

A second edition of "Caluire" (Macmillan) has just appeared, with some condensation and rearrangement of the text. The authorship of this remarkable fiction still remains a secret.

"The Saturday Review" describes Mr. Henry Adams's "History of the United States" as "an example of the intolerable verbosity which is the plague of contemporary historical writing."

Last year, according to the London "Daily News," the British and Foreign Blind Association embossed no less than 8,500 copies of books in various languages in the Braille alphabet.

"In Old St. Stephens," a novel by Miss Jeanie Drake, a new writer, is announced for immediate publication by D. Appleton & Co. It is a South Carolina story of the early part of the century.

Mr. Theodore Child's second paper on "Literary Paris," in "Harper's" for September, discusses Melchior de Vogüé, Guy de Maupassant, H. A. Taine, Jean Richepin, Pierre Loti, and others.

In "The Open Court" for September 8, Mr. Charles S. Pierce begins a series of popular articles upon logic. "The Critic of Arguments" is the general title given by Mr. Pierce to these papers.

The trustees of Dove Cottage are fitting up the building as a Wordsworth museum for the use of the public. Wordsworth's furniture and other belongings may be seen there placed as in the poet's lifetime.

Manchester, it seems, is to have not only the Althorp Library, of which mention was made in our last issue, but also the historical library left by the late Professor Freeman, which has been purchased for Owens College.

Henrik Ibsen appears to have put an end to his long term of self-imposed exile, for he has not only lived in Christiania for nearly a year, but has taken and furnished a home there. A new play from his pen may be expected this season.

The American-Jewish Historical Society, organized last June, is engaged in collecting data concerning the history of the Jew in America. Among its officers are Professor Seligman, of Columbia, Mr. Max Cohen, of the Maimonides Library, and Mr. Julius Rosenthal, of Chicago.

Mr. Kineton Parkes concludes his discussion of "Shelley's Faith" in the double number of "Poet-Lore" just issued. This number also contains an article on "The Religious Teachings of Æschylus," and a curious story, "Newton's Brain," translated from the Bohemian of Jakub Arbes.

"Crime and Criminal Law in the United States" is the subject of an article in the July "Edinburgh Review." It is a heavy indictment of the lawlessness prevalent in this country, and finds a resonant echo in the recent Chautauqua address of Mr. Andrew D. White, whom certainly no one will charge with defective patriotism.

Miss Lynch's novel, "Daughters of Men," has been translated into Greek, and has been favorably reviewed by the Athenian press. The leading papers of Athens consider that the book is the first extensive work on modern Greece that can be said to show an accurate

knowledge and faithful observation of the life and manners of the country.

The endowment of literature, in one form or another, has often been suggested, and a wealthy Hungarian has recently found at least one practical solution of the problem. This philanthropic gentleman has set aside 150,000 gulden, with a handsome villa in the capital, for the use of "the best living Hungarian author." A jury of eight persons, publishers and members of learned societies, are to make the award, and the person selected is to enjoy the villa and the income of the fund for life. It is generally understood that Jokai will be the first beneficiary under this arrangement. It would perhaps be hypercritical to suggest that there is a little too much of the Mæcenæ idea in this plan, but the inclusion of publishers in the jury of award appears to be a device fraught with dangerous possibilities.

Sir Edwin Arnold has thus written of his new Japanese play, "The Story of Adzuma": "This true, tender, noble, and pathetic story, by all its incidents in the highest degree dramatic and heart-stirring, has never yet been told in English, although for so many years popular in Japan. Those scholars who have given to the western world other famous pieces from Japanese history have either feared to deal with the tragic particulars of the tale or have not found access to good versions of it. The present author has spared no pains to obtain full narratives, and has written his play with the double purpose of composing a literary work in the dramatic form worthy, if it may be, of the beautiful heroine, who is a pure and true type of the highest Japanese womanhood, and also of supplying for the modern English and American stage a tragedy in all respects 'actable,' and illustrating with close fidelity the manners and motives of the Japanese people."

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE VACANT "EASY CHAIR."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The prince of short-essay writers is gone. "Curtis could n't write badly if he tried," was the remark of a friend several years ago, as with a sigh of appreciative content he laid down something from the pen of George William Curtis. Such has been the unuttered thought, doubtless, of hundreds of delighted readers who have come to know Mr. Curtis well in the place he has so long and so brilliantly filled. That is a most charming picture — the illustration in the current number of "Harper's Weekly" (date of September 10), which gives us a glimpse of the lamented editor in his study, the home atmosphere all about him, a ragged little terrier curled up confidently on a blanket at his feet, those books he so much loved fairly framing the portrait of the essayist and author as he sits at work in that familiar easy chair, now long a favorite retreat in many an intelligent American home.

But it is not as eulogy that these paragraphs are written, so much as to call attention to the superlative excellence of one of Mr. Curtis's brief essays which appeared very recently in the department of the "Easy Chair." I refer to the article upon "National Conventions," printed in the August number of the magazine. The essay gathers more significance, perhaps, when we recall the prominent part taken by its author

in two of the most notable nominating conventions ever held: for in 1860 Mr. Curtis was a conspicuous figure in that Chicago meeting which nominated Abraham Lincoln for the presidency, and won the admiration of the delegates by his eloquent defense of the principles he cherished. Again he was a delegate, in 1884, to the convention which nominated Mr. Blaine; he refused to support the nomination, and decided on that course of political action now familiar to us all. Mr. Curtis, then, understood thoroughly the theme which he thus selected as timely and important. It affords an excellent specimen of its author's style as an essayist, aside from its merit of presenting in popular fashion a comprehensive picture of a tremendous institution, drawn with the insight of knowledge and experience. The conclusion of a single paragraph must suffice for illustration: "The two-thirds rule, as it is called, was designed to baffle the fundamental democratic principle, which is the rule of the majority. When that is abandoned, the proportion selected is purely arbitrary. It may as well be nine-tenths as two-thirds. But even such a dam will not resist the swelling waters of feeling in a convention. The French say that it is the unexpected that happens, but in a national convention it is the unforeseen which is anticipated. The palpitating multitude, which has been stimulating its own excitement, confronts every doubtful moment with an air which says plainly, 'Now it's coming.'" There is throughout this essay all of the Addisonian vivacity and grace, together with a perfectness of diction and attainment of effect which Addison never knew. It may well be taken, it seems to me, as one of the happiest excursions of this master essayist along one of those rambling lanes of pleasant informal discourse where we have so often followed him with interest and delight.

E. W. S.

Chicago, Sept. 10, 1892.

HAS AMERICA A LAUREATE?

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Some years ago, when Mr. Edmund Gosse hazarded in a British review the question "Has America a poet?" it provoked a tempest of answers from this Western Continent. Many of us were inclined to consider this interrogation a piece of gratuitous impertinence, or at the least of extreme effrontery. In the last issue of THE DIAL I find cited the opinion of another foreign critic—a Frenchman named Wyzega or Wyzeva—who, in accordance with some mysterious standard of his own, denies the title of poet to Lowell and Holmes and Whittier, but vouchsafes it to Walt Whitman, S. Merrill, and F. V. Griffin.

We may smile at the eccentricities of such critics, but, seriously,—now that Lowell and Whitman and Whittier are dead and Holmes is an octogenarian,—to whom shall we point as the great leader in American poetical achievement? Whom shall we in our own minds crown with the laurel? We shall not be justified, I think, in claiming for anyone the right to rank among the great poets of the world unless we can show that in addition to power of original thought and individuality of style, he has the ability to plan and carry out great projects, perennial charm of manner, and exquisite artistic workmanship. To rank with the greatest poets he must add to the perfection of his product both variety and abundance of thought.

What American can meet these tests? What American—for the sake of a more definite test—can write

a Columbian Ode worthy to be placed beside Lowell's "Commemoration Ode"?

E. P. ANDERSON.

Oxford, O., Sept. 10, 1892.

WHO READS A CHICAGO BOOK?

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In your last issue "J. K.," whom I suppose there is little trouble in identifying, has something to say as to Western literature, and draws the conclusion that what is needed for the encouragement of literary production in the West is an appreciative home constituency.

In my opinion, and I have had some experience, the special drawback to literary development in the West is that, with a persistency worthy of a better cause, the gentlemen employed upon the daily and weekly press have confined their critical attention to works which before they get at them have received the approval of English or of Eastern critics. It is a good many years ago that the question was asked, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" and in the minds of our Eastern moulders of thought it seems that no work of literary force can come out of Chicago. As their opinions are taken at second-hand by our local judges, Chicago readers never learn of even the existence of many creditable productions of Western men and women.

That the West has a literature of its own,—strong, vigorous, and racy of the soil,—those who have read the productions of Western men during the last two years know, but the general public has not learnt of the fact from the book reviews of Western newspapers. J. M.

Chicago, Sept. 12, 1892.

THE SHELLEY MEMORIAL SUBSCRIPTION.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Publicity has been given to details of the celebration, at Horsham, Sussex, England, of the Centenary of Percy Bysshe Shelley, August 4, upon which day addresses were made, and a memorial tablet, bearing the poet's name, etc., was placed in the parish church.

The Shelley Committee, headed by Lord Tennyson, includes upon its list the names of Geo. Meredith, W. Morris, Prof. Max-Müller, Prof. Dowden, Prof. Jebb, Leslie Stephen, Stopford A. Brooke, Edmund Gosse, William Sharp, Theo. Watts, W. Besant, T. Hardy, Sir F. Leighton, Henry Irving, and other well-known representatives of letters and the arts in Great Britain. It has been decided that the most fitting memorial to the poet will be a "Shelley Library and Museum," to be established at Horsham, near the place of his nativity.

The Library will include, in addition to general literature, all such works as may be specially connected with Shelley. In the Museum a home will be found for personal relics of the poet.

To provide the needed funds, a call is made for subscriptions, and the readers and lovers of Shelley throughout the English-speaking world are invited to contribute. Any sums which may be sent to us, by check or postal-order, will be duly remitted to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Jas. Stanley Little, of Horsham. Receipts will be promptly given to subscribers, and a public acknowledgment will be made from time to time in the literary and daily journals.

Contributions may be forwarded to either of the undersigned American members of the Committee.

EDMUND C. STEDMAN, RICHARD WATSON GILDER,
64 Broadway, New York City. 33 East 17th St., New York City.

ADDITIONAL FALL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Lack of space in our last issue made it impossible, as was there explained, to include with the regular Fall Announcements the very full list of forthcoming books for the young, which was therefore postponed to the present issue. The list now given is a very complete one, and shows by its fulness and variety the importance with which this class of publications is regarded by publishers. It will be found well worthy the attention of the reader, whether he be the librarian or the bookseller who must prepare for coming demands for this class of literature, or the parent who is confronted with the ever-vital query, "What books shall we put into the hands of our boys and girls?"

In addition to the list of Juveniles, some supplementary titles are given of miscellaneous books announced since our previous issue.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

- A Wonder-Book for Boys and Girls, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, illus. in color by Walter Crane, with ornamental color headpieces, etc., \$3.00.—Little Folk Lyrics, by Frank Demster Sherman. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
- The Boy Travellers in Central Europe, by T. W. Knox, illus., \$3.00.—Harper's Young People for 1892, illus., \$3.50. (Harper & Bros.)
- Tom Paulding, a boy's book, by Brander Matthews, illus., \$1.50.—The Admiral's Caravan, a story, by Charles E. Carryl, illus. by Birch.—A Book of Cheerful Cats, pictures and verses by J. G. Francis, \$1.00. (Century Co.)
- Giovanni and the Other, children who have made stories, by Mrs. Burnett, illus., by Birch, \$1.50.—The Clocks of Roudaine, and Other Stories, by F. R. Stockton, illus., \$1.50.—Kent Hampden, a story of a boy, by Rebecca Harding Davis, illus. by Zogbaum, \$1.00.—Boyhood in Norway, by H. H. Boyesen, illus., \$1.50.—The End of a Rainbow, by Rossiter Johnson, illus., \$1.50.—Berie the Briton, a story of the Roman Invasion, by G. A. Henty, illus., \$1.50.—In Greek Waters, by G. A. Henty, illus., \$1.50.—Condemned as a Nihilist, a story of escape from Siberia, by G. A. Henty, illus., \$1.50.—The Thirsty Sword, a story of the Norse Invasion of Scotland, by Robert Leighton, illus., \$1.50. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)
- Little Arthur's History of Rome, by Hezekiah Butterworth, illus., \$1.25.—Monica, the Mesa Maiden, by Mrs. Evelyn Raymond, illus., \$1.25.—Famous types of Womanhood, by Sarah K. Bolton, with portraits, \$1.50.—The Riverpark Rebellion, by Homer Green, illus., \$1.00.—Tom Clifton, or Western Boys in Grant and Sherman's Army, by Warren Lee Goss, illus., \$1.50.—In Blue Creek Canon, by Anna Chapin Ray, illus., \$1.25.—The Cadets of Flemming Hall, by Anna Chapin Ray, illus., \$1.25.—The Mother of the King's Children, by Rev. J. F. Cowan, illus., \$1.50.—Short Studies in Botany for Children, by Mrs. Harriet C. Cooper, illus., \$1.00.—Polly Button's New Year, by Mrs. C. F. Wilder, 75 cts.—Mixed Pickles, by Mrs. Evelyn H. Raymond, illus., \$1.25. (T. Y. Crowell & Co.)
- Along the Florida Reef, a story of camping and fishing, by C. F. Holder, illus.—In the Boyhood of Lincoln, a story of the Black Hawk War, by Hezekiah Butterworth.—The Battle of New York, by William O. Stoddard, illus.—Hermie's Triumphs, a story for girls and boys, by Mme. Colomb, illus.—Englishman's Haven, by A. Gordon, illus. (D. Appleton & Co.)
- Dr. Dodd's School, a book for boys, by J. L. Ford, illus., \$1.50.—A Fisher Girl of France, from the French, illus., \$1.50.—Witch Winnie's Studio, by Mrs. Champney, illus., \$1.50.—Elsie at Viamede, by Martha Finley, \$1.25.—New Juveniles by E. M. Ballantyne, each 1 vol., illus., \$1.00. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
- A Rosebud Garden of Girls, by Nora Perry, illus., \$1.50. (Little, Brown & Co.)
- The Girls and I, by Mrs. Molesworth, illus. by Leslie Brooke. (Macmillan & Co.)
- Heroic Happenings, told in verse and story, by E. S. Brooks, illus., \$2.00.—Cab and Caboose, by Kirk Munroe, illus., \$1.25.—Fairy Tales of India, by Joseph Jacobs, illus., \$1.75.—In Zooland, illus., 75 cts. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
- Verses and Ballads for Boys and Girls, by Susan Coolidge, illus., \$1.25.—The Captain of the Kittiewink, a Cape Ann story for boys, by Herbert D. Ward, illus., \$1.25.—The Little Sister of Willifred, by Miss A. G. Plympton, illus., \$1.00.—Under the Water-Oaks, a southern story, by Marian Brewster, illus., \$1.25.—The Story of Juliette, a child's romances, by Beatrice Washington, illus., \$1.00.—Dear, a story, by the author of "Miss Toosey's Mission," \$1.00. (Roberts Brothers.)
- Through the Wilds, adventures in Maine and New Hampshire, by Capt. C. A. J. Farrar, illus., \$2.50.—Elsie's Visit to Cloudland and the Moon, by Frances Vescelius and E. J. Austen, illus., \$1.25.—Zigzag Journeys on the Mississippi, by Hezekiah Butterworth, illus., \$1.50.—The Knockabout Club in Search of Treasure, by Fred A. Ober, illus., \$1.50.—Three Vassar Girls in the Holy Land, by Mrs. Champney, illus., \$1.50.—The Boys of the Mirthfield Academy, edited by Lawrence H. Francis, illus., \$1.25.—Hildegard's Home, by Laura E. Richards, illus., \$1.25.—Schoolboy Days in Russia, translated by Laura E. Kendall, illus., \$1.50. (Estes & Lauriat.)
- An Affair of Honour, a book for the young, illus., \$1.50.—Treasury of Old-Fashioned Fairy Tales, fully illus., \$1.50.—Uncle Bill's Children, by Helen Milman, illus., \$1.00.—Told After Tea, a collection of stories, illus., \$1.50. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)
- A Short History of English Literature for Young People, by Elizabeth S. Kirkland, \$1.25.—Prince Tip Top, a fairy tale by Marguerite Bouvet, illus. by Helen Armstrong, \$1.25.—The Children's Life of Abraham Lincoln, by M. Louise Putnam, illus. by Helen M. Armstrong, \$1.25.—(A. C. McClurg & Co.)
- Aboveboard, a tale of adventure on the sea, by W. C. Metcalfe, illus., \$1.50.—Leaders into Unknown Lands, chapters of recent travels, by Arthur Montefiore, illus., \$1.25.—By Sea-Shore, Wood, and Moorland, by Edward Step, illus., \$1.25.—The Little Marine and the Japanese Lily, a book for boys, by Florence Marryat, illus., \$1.25.—Imogen, by Mrs. Molesworth, \$1.00.—Among the Butterflies, a book for young collectors, by Bennett G. Johns, M.A., \$1.00. (Thomas Whitaker.)
- The Green Fairy Book, edited by Andrew Lang, illus. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
- Routledge's Colored Classics, a new series for young people, illus. in color, per vol., \$1.50.—Little Wide Awake for 1893, edited by Mrs. Sale Barker, illus., \$2.00.—Kate Greenaway's Almanack for 1893, printed in colors, 25 cts. (George Routledge & Sons.)
- The Coming of Father Christmas, an art gift book for children, by E. F. Manning, illus., \$2.00.—Where Duty Lies, a Cornish Tale, by Silas K. Hocking, illus., \$1.25.—From Toyland, new "shape" toy book, illus., 35 cts.—The Life of Our Lord for Little Children, illus., \$1.50.—Merry Moments for Little Folks, by Rose E. May, illus., \$1.00. (F. Warne & Co.)
- Eaglehurst Towers, by Emma Marshall, illus., \$1.50.—Fairy Tales in Other Lands, by Julia Goddard, illus., \$1.25.—Field Friends and Forest Foes, by Phyllis Browne, illus., \$1.00.—Four on an Island, a book for little ones, by L. T. Meade, illus., \$1.50.—From the Throttle to the President's Chair, a story of railway life, by E. S. Ellis, illus., \$1.50.—The Next-Door House, by Mrs. Molesworth, illus., \$1.50.—Oh, How Pretty! (Ah, Wie Schön!) 20 colored plates illustrating children's sports, \$1.75.—A Ring of Rubies, by L. T. Meade, illus., \$1.75.—Stories About Birds, by M. and E. Kirby, illus., \$1.75.—Living Pages From Many Ages, by Mary Heild, illus., \$1.00.—Not Wanted, or the Wreck of the Providence, by Eliza F. Pollard, illus., \$1.50.—Robin's Ride, a story for children, by Ellinor D. Adams, illus., \$1.25.—Rovings of a Restless Boy, by Katharine B. Foot, illus., \$1.50.—The Children's Library, a choice collection of stories and tales, in 12 vols., illus., per vol., 75 cts. (Cassell Publishing Co.)
- Baron Trump's Marvellous Underground Journey, by Ingersoll Lockwood, illus., \$2.00.—Fighting for the Right, by Oliver Optic, illus., \$1.50.—A Young Knight Errant, by Oliver Optic, illus., \$1.25.—The Adventures of Toby Trafford, by J. T. Trowbridge, illus., \$1.25.—A new story for girls by Effie W. Merriman.—The Young Dodge Club, by James De Mille, in 2 vols., illus., per vol., \$1.25. (Lee & Shepard.)
- Marcy the Refugee, by Harry Castleron, illus., \$1.25.—Digging for Gold, by Horatio Alger, Jr., illus., \$1.25.—On the Trail of the Moose, by E. S. Ellis, illus., \$1.25. (Porter & Coates.)

Looking Out on Life, by Rev. F. E. Clark, 75 cts.—Five Little Peppers Grown Up, by Margaret Sidney, illus., \$1.50.—The Pot of Gold, by Mary E. Wilkins, \$1.50.—The Down East Master's First School, by Edward A. Rand, \$1.25.—Gulf and Glacier, by Willis Boyd Allen, \$1.00.—Figure Drawing for Children, by Caroline Hunt Rimmer, \$1.00.—Down in Dixie, by Stanton P. Allen, \$2.25. (D. Lothrop Co.)

The Talking Clock, by Miss H. M. Bennett, illus in color, \$2.00.—Granny's Wonderful Chair, and Its Tales of Fairy Time, by Frances Browne, illus. in color, \$2.00.—Once Upon a Time, an illustrated story book, \$1.50.—The Story of a Short Life, by Juliana Horatia Ewing, illus, \$1.50.—A New Book of the Fairies, by Beatrice Harraden, illus., \$2.00.—God is Love, Bible Stories, illus in color, \$2.00.—Fur Coats and Feather Frocks, 24 colored pictures with descriptive text, \$1.50.—Our Little Men and Maidens, children in fancy costumes, with verses, \$1.50. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

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The Little Doctor, or the Magic of Nature, by Darley Dale, illus., \$1.25.—Christiana, by H. L. Taylor, illus., \$1.25.—The Man with the Pan-Pipes, by Mrs. Molesworth, illus. in color, \$1.00.—Born to Command, a tale of the sea, by Gordon Stables, \$2.00.—Another Man's Burden, by Austin Clare, \$1.50.—Sailing and Sealing, by Frankfort Moore, \$1.50.—Honor Pentreath, by Mrs. H. Clarke, \$1.25.—Jack's Little Girls, by Miss A. F. Jackson, \$1.25.—The Church and the King, a tale of England in the Days of Henry VIII., by Evelyn Everett-Green, \$1.75.—The Iron Chain and the Golden, by A. L. O. E., \$1.00. (E. & J. B. Young & Co.)

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Little Ways and Great Plays, illus. in color, \$1.50.—Worthington's Annual for 1883, illus., \$2.50.—Our Boys in Ireland, by Harry W. French, illus., \$2.50.—Magic, illustrated and explained, by Arthur Good, \$2.00.—For Baby and Me, a new water-color juvenile, \$1.00.—Bits of Prominent People, or Transformation Character Portraits, colored plates, 75 cts. (Worthington Co.)

The Roundabout Books, a series of books of travel and adventure, for boys and girls, in 10 vols., profusely illus., per vol., \$1.25. (Charles E. Brown & Co.)

New popular edition of Mark Twain's The Prince and the Pauper, illus., \$1.00. (C. L. Webster & Co.)

The Bunny Stories, by John H. Jewett, illus., \$1.75.—Maud Humphrey's Book of Fairy Tales, illus. in color, \$2.50. (F. A. Stokes Co.)

The Beautiful Land of Nod, poems, songs, etc., by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, illus. by Louise Mears, \$1.50. (Morrill, Higgins & Co.)

ADDITIONAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Dodd, Mead & Co.: The Chronicles of Barsetshire, by Anthony Trollope, "Cathedral edition," 13 vols., illus. in photogravure, \$16.25.—Sheridan's The School for Scandal, illus. by Gregory (5 plates in color), \$3.50.—My Uncle and My Curé, tr. from the French of Jean de la Brète by Ernest Redwood, illus., \$2.50.—Treasure Book of Consolation, compiled by Benjamin Orne, \$1.50.—Samantha on the Race Problem, by Marietta Holley, illus. by Kemble, \$2.50.—Life and Adventures of Peg Woffington, by J. Fitzgerald Molloy, 2 vols., with portraits and prints, \$3.50.—Memoirs of Madame de Staël-de Launay,

tr. by Cora H. Bell, 2 vols., with etchings by Lalauze, \$10.00.—Prince Serebryani, a novel, by Count Alexis Tolstoi, tr. by Jeremiah Curtin, \$1.50.—Sherburne House, a novel, by Amanda M. Douglas, \$1.50.—A Scamper Through Spain and Algier, by Margaret Thomas, illus., \$3.00.—The Dramatic Essays of Charles Lamb, edited by Brander Matthews, illus. in photogravure, \$2.00.—Essays in Literary Interpretation, by H. W. Mabie, \$1.25.—Eighteenth Century Vignettes, by Austin Dobson, illus., \$2.00.—The Cloister and the Hearth, by Charles Reade, 4 vols., illus. in photogravure, \$7.00.—Almost Fourteen, a book for parents and for young people approaching maturity, by Mortimer A. Warren, \$1.00.—New vols. in "The Makers of America" series include John Hughes by Henry A. Brann, Robert Morris by Prof. W. G. Sumner, Jean Baptiste Lemoine by Grace King, Bishop William White by Rev. J. H. Ward, each \$1.00.—New vols. in "The Fortin Series" include The Unmarried Woman, by Eliza Chester, \$1.00, and Beauty of Form and Grace of Vesture, by Frances M. Steele and Elizabeth L. S. Adams, illus., \$1.75.—The Poems of Giosuè Carducci, tr. by Frank Sewell, \$1.50.—The Universal Atlas, \$3.00.

Harper & Brother: A Short History of the English People, by J. R. Green, illustrated edition, edited by Mrs. Green.—The West from a Car-window, by Richard H. Davis, illus.—Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, Browning, by Anne Thackeray Ritchie, illus., \$2.00.—Moltke's Life and Character, tr. by Mary Herms, illus.—History of the United States from 1850 to 1860, by James Ford Rhodes, 2 vols.—A Short History of the Christian Church, by J. F. Hurst.—Along New England Roads, by William C. Prime.—A Tour Around New York, being the recreations of Mr. Felix Oldboy, by John Flavel Mines, illus.—The Desire of Beauty, by Theodore Child.—An Earthly Paragon, a novel, by Eva Wilder McGlasson, illus.—Jane Field, a novel, by Mary E. Wilkins, illus.—The World of Chance, a novel, by W. D. Howells.—Americanisms and Britishisms, with other essays on other Isms, by Brander Matthews, \$1.00.

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[The following list, embracing 47 titles, includes all books received by THE DIAL since last issue.]

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America: Its Geographical History, 1492-1892. Six lectures by Walter B. Scaife, Ph.D. With maps, 8vo, pp. 176. Johns Hopkins Press. \$1.50.

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